

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

No. 3124.—VOL. CXIV.

SATURDAY, MARCH 4, 1899.

SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6d.



1. The Royal Train passing under the Decorations. 2. The Duke of Connaught writing a Congratulatory Message to the Khedive on the Foundation-stone. 3. The Royal Train entering the Works.

THE GREAT NILE RESERVOIR DAM AT ASSOUAN: SCENES OF THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT'S VISIT.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

Two learned professors have been disputing about the power of truth. One argues that it is a consolation to know the truth, because it springs from "a sense of harmony which gives the mind satisfaction." The other urges that we ascertain truth by reason, and reason is not always palatable to the emotions. He would not have been guilty of exaggeration if he had said that a whole people may be so completely enslaved by their emotions that they will not tolerate the truth at any price. That is a common spectacle in the world's affairs. Truth which conflicts with national pride or prejudice affords no consolation to any mind. Professors, no doubt, are unmoved by the ordinary instincts of mankind; and when one of them sees the pet theory of a lifetime upset by later discoveries of science, his sense of harmony hastens to embrace the new revelation and to applaud the revealer. A story told of President Loubet shows how the truth may prevail even when it is most unwelcome. He yearned for distinction at the French Bar, and he rose in court with great confidence to plead his first cause. In a few minutes a judge was observed to pour some fluid on a handkerchief and hold it to his nose. Then somebody desired that the windows might be opened. M. Loubet held on his way, but with a sinking heart. It had not occurred to him that it was impossible for a great eater of garlic to commend himself to a judicial audience in a small room. He accepted his defeat, and pleaded no more. Mercy should season justice, as Portia says, but not garlic.

As a rule, our *amour propre* takes the truth very ill. Here is a reverend gentleman, reputed to be the author of a very charming book, full of humour and other fine qualities. He is incensed to learn that his surname has been chosen by some flippant writer as suitable to a parson in fiction "who has religious doubts." The name is not common, and the reverend gentleman takes the use of it in this connection as a personal affront. Why was not some other name selected from the Clergy List? But if the novelist who has a parson on his hands, with religious doubts, is to take a name at random from that directory, will he not offend another clergyman who thinks his patronymic fragrant of orthodoxy? The truth is that names are purely arbitrary, and their accidental conjunction ought not to offend humorists. In a Manchester paper the other day, I found that a gentleman named Austin, who had become chargeable to the guardians of the poor, complained that publishers for whom he wrote a great deal took no notice of his manuscripts. His surname caused me no annoyance, and although his Christian name was Alfred I am sure the Poet Laureate has not written to the Manchester paper to say that his sense of harmony is vexed by this coincidence. The reverend gentleman I have cited insists that "good feeling" ought to have spared his name the slur of religious doubts. With equal reason the Laureate might tell the Manchester editor that "good feeling" ought to have spared the name of Alfred Austin the slur of pauperism and rejected addresses.

Take another case. In a morning paper I read this advertisement: "Wanted, a first-class Literary Man, to go over MS., correct stops, etc. Good remuneration.—Address, A. B. C., care of Mr. Thomas Hardy." To a malicious fancy this may suggest that the author of "Jude the Obscure" is in trouble with his "stops, etc.," and wishes to engage a first-class literary man (say Mr. Lang) at a handsome salary to put these matters right. Further, the malicious fancy might picture Mr. Lang correcting the "etc." so freely that their inventor could not recognise them. I have neglected to point out that the address of Mr. Thomas Hardy in this instance is Brighton, not Dorchester; but the malicious fancy will at once insinuate that, worn out by troublesome stops, he is taking a little sea-air. In spite of this, nobody will confuse the very elementary author who advertises in the *Daily News* with the Thomas Hardy who belongs to renown. Nor is Mr. Hardy likely to protest against this association of his name with a writer who thinks that the correction of stops in a manuscript is of such importance as to need the services of superlative literary talent. If he will take my humble advice (for which no charge is made), he will imitate the men of genius—Shelley, for example, who could see no use in stops. As for the "etc." (which may include spelling) they may be safely left to the proof-reader. Even a publisher is not so exacting nowadays as to expect his authors to spell with accuracy.

But, as I have said, truth—even the commonplace that a man whose name happens to be yours has a perfect right to make it ridiculous—is unpalatable to the emotions. None the less do some truth-seekers potently believe that it will out upon the human face, the emotions notwithstanding. A correspondent of the *Spectator* argues that the physiognomy will betray everything to a practised eye, though he makes some reservation for "cunning and hypocrisy." I put aside the obvious reflection that, as these are the very weapons which the emotions employ to defeat curiosity, there must be a vast number of faces

which betray no secrets. The illustrations cited by this correspondent do not show him to be an expert physiognomist. Mr. Gladstone, he says, sometimes looked like a demon; but he once saw that great man in church, and there Mr. Gladstone was looking like an angel. But the impress of anger or religious devotion on a very strongly marked countenance is not of much value as an index of character. These are passions which few men have any motive to conceal. Between the extremes of rage and simple piety there is a vast complexity of temperament. How much of that was ever visible in Mr. Gladstone's face? The *Spectator* oracle paid a visit to Chelsea Workhouse, where the aged paupers who refused to do any work sat and mocked the workers who were going to be rewarded with tea and cake. The faces of the mockers were full of "incarnate wickedness." Does sheer laziness, combined with disdain of tea, produce this illusion for the practised eye of the moralist?

I distrust these physiognomical tests of good and evil. They are generally adopted by simple-minded people who want short cuts to knowledge of their fellow-creatures, and flatter themselves that they can read souls in noses. The nose, indeed, is asserted by one school of philosophy to be the most instructive symbol of the mind. Not only the shape of your nose, but even the perfume which charms or displeases you, is an infallible guide to your temperament. M. Loubet failed to detect the odour of garlic which overpowerd the court on the famous occasion of his first and only pleading. I wonder M. Jules Lemaitre does not argue from this that the new President of the Republic is insensible to patriotism. Once set up the nose as a test of intelligence and civic or artistic spirit, and many despairing citizens would envy the heathen idols of old, of which it is written, "Noses have they and smell not." Statesmen have been arraigned for setting class against class. The nasal philosophy would be even more culpable; for think of the social war when nose was set against nose! The delicate nostril of the actress would quiver with scorn at the obtuse and supercilious nose of the dramatic critic. There would be a Unionist nose and a Radical nose, and a melancholy lot of political hybrids. Cunning and hypocritical politicians would be charged with deceiving the electors by altering the shape of their cartilages. No, we must make a stand against these face-readers, or a school of moral anatomists will arise and declare that every man is a profligate who has no arch in his insipid.

Some people will have it that the truth about a man comes out in his clothes. Polonius may have had that prejudice in view when he warned Laertes against wearing fancy waistcoats. He knew that a young man was likely to be misunderstood if he sprigged his chest all over with emblems in myrtle green. And yet the fallacy of judging men by their waistcoats is flagrant. A friend of mine illuminates the club smoking-room with a flame-coloured vest, though he is by temperament melancholy and retiring. Another friend, who has lately become absorbed in agriculture, has taken to a pale green waistcoat, as though he were with verdure clad. There is a sense of harmony in that; but the red waistcoat is so conspicuously lacking in significance that observers have had to invent a legend about it. They say it changes colour, like the precious stones in Eastern fables. Sometimes it is a light brick tint, and then the wearer is supposed to predict a fall in stocks; or it glows with a deep rich crimson, which is taken to mean that he has lost his heart at a five o'clock tea. But what is the good of surmise about the sentiments of a man who tells you that he wears a red waistcoat as a token of fraternal reproach? He gave it to his brother, who objected to the colour; and he wears it now in the hope that it may catch his brother's eye and cause twinges of remorse in an ungrateful heart. After that, it is hard to keep up the figment that a red waistcoat signifies a love of rapine and lordship over woman.

A distinguished Italian novelist, with a purple style, is making some stir with the wardrobe he has taken to Egypt. He cannot move without twenty-four pairs of old-gold gloves and forty-eight pairs in hyacinth and straw. For an introduction to the Sphinx there is only one becoming pair of gloves in the world. They repose under a glass case at Philadelphia in the house of Mr. Howard Furness, who told me that they belonged to Shakspeare. The Italian novelist is furnished with forty-eight night-shirts and a hundred and fifty neckties—a simple coming-in for one man! Moreover, he has twelve walking-sticks, ten green sunshades, and eight violet umbrellas. At first blush, you might think all this indicated some decadent eccentricity. What a chapter Nordau might write on those umbrellas and sunshades! Green, violet, old gold, hyacinth, straw (we are not told the colour of the night-shirts—probably vermillion), these tints make a pretty kaleidoscope of degeneracy. But mark the saving method of d'Annunzio's intellect! All his numbers are even. Nine walking-sticks or seven violet umbrellas might be the riot of an unhinged brain; but you can never persuade me that a man may not mix his colours with reckless disorder as long as his numbers are never odd.

"Has Man a Free Will?" I saw a fishmonger's boy pondering this question which was printed on a board. If will be free, why deliver fish in Mayfair? But—well, truth for him seemed to remain an interrogation.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen at Windsor Castle on Friday, Feb. 24, received Earl Beauchamp, Governor of New South Wales, and Lord Tennyson, Governor of South Australia, both of whom she invested with the insignia of the Order of Knight Commander of St. Michael and St. George; their Lordships stayed to dine with the Queen and Princess Henry of Battenberg. The Duke of Albany came on Saturday to lunch, and the Marquis of Lorne on Sunday. Among the Queen's guests last week were Field-Marshal Lord Wolseley and General Sir Francis Grenfell. Her Majesty, in going to Nice on Thursday next, March 9, will be accompanied by Princess Henry of Battenberg, the Duchess of York, with her children, and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein. The royal travelling party will cross the Channel from Folkestone to Boulogne.

The Prince of Wales goes to Cannes, and will be followed by the Princess of Wales, with one of her daughters. Her Royal Highness will embark on the Mediterranean in the royal steam-yacht *Osborne*, for Crete, on a visit to Prince George of Greece, and will afterwards proceed to Athens. The Duchess of Fife and Prince and Princess Charles of Denmark were the guests of their Royal Highnesses at Sandringham last week. The Duke and Duchess of York, on Monday, opened the Queen's Jubilee Memorial buildings of the Royal Portsmouth Hospital.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught, returning down the Nile from the Soudan to Egypt, arrived at Wady Halfa on Friday, Feb. 24, and next day went on to Assouan, where they laid, on Monday, the foundation-stone of an English church.

On Monday morning Lord Justice Romer, the new Judge of the Court of Appeal, and Mr. Justice Cozens-Hardy, the new Judge on the Chancery side of the High Court of Justice, took their seats on the Bench.

The election for the Rotherham Division of Yorkshire, at the polling last week, returned Mr. W. H. Holland, the Liberal candidate, with 6671 votes against 4714 for Mr. R. H. Vernon Wragge. On Saturday Mr. W. Moore, Unionist, was elected for North Antrim without opposition.

On Feb. 22, in Dublin, the yearly convention of Irish landowners, presided over by the Duke of Abercorn, was held as usual; speeches were made by Lord Farnham, Mr. A. H. Smith-Barry, M.P., Lord Inchiquin, and others. The probable effects of the new institutions of local government in Ireland and the report of the Royal Commission of Inquiry upon the Administration of the Irish Land Acts and Land Purchase Acts, since 1881, under the Land Commissioners, were discussed, and resolutions were passed to ask Parliament for certain measures of relief and compensation.

At the London Chamber of Commerce last week Mr. C. J. Stewart, late Senior Official Receiver of the Bankruptcy Court, read a paper, which was discussed, upon the amendment of the Limited Liability Companies Acts. He considered it desirable to prevent the nomination of the directors of a company by the promoter; to require the names of the proposed directors to appear in the prospectus, with the number of shares held by each of them, a minimum being fixed by the articles of association; and these documents to be filed with the official Registrar. All contracts affecting property to be purchased by a company, made within two years before the issue of the company's prospectus, should be disclosed to the Registrar. Directors should not proceed to allot shares until they have received applications for a minimum number of shares, to be stated in the prospectus. The auditor's reports, with the balance-sheet signed by two directors, should be accompanied by his certificate that the books were properly kept, so as truly and correctly to exhibit all business transactions. The Court of Bankruptcy should have power to order a public inquiry into the affairs of any company, in compulsory liquidation, where the Official Receiver found that there had been false statements of accounts or reports, suppression of material facts, any fraud, breach of trust, or undue preference to some creditor.

President Loubet's first Message to the Senate and Chamber of the French Republic was read on Feb. 21 by M. Dupuy, the Prime Minister, and was very favourably received. Next day at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, the new President received all the Ambassadors, Ministers, and Envoys of Foreign States, and the members of the Municipal Council of Paris.

The unfortunate city of Manila, with its suburban and neighbouring towns and villages still occupied by the insurgent bands of native "Filipinos," waging a vexatious guerrilla conflict against the American troops, has suffered a fresh disaster. On the night of Wednesday, Feb. 22, an incendiary fire broke out in the Santa Cruz quarter, in a block of buildings inhabited by the Chinese. The engines of the English Volunteer Fire Brigade, after working four hours, almost subdued this fire, but another was kindled at midnight in the Tondo quarter by the low people of the city who wanted to drive out the Chinese. They not only cut the hose of the engines five times and set fire afresh wherever they could, but getting rifles and revolvers, with ammunition, perhaps from the insurgents outside the city, attacked the American troops guarding the streets, the Chinese, and the fire brigade. Few were killed or wounded, but fighting went on in different parts of Manila, at Calocan, and at San Pedro Mucati, until the forenoon of next day. Hundreds of families were rendered homeless and destitute.

The burning of Iloilo, an important commercial seaport on another of the Philippine Islands, which was abandoned and set fire to by the natives, just when the Americans were prepared to attack it, has destroyed nearly every warehouse belonging to European traders, including the English Bank, the branch of the Chartered Bank of India, and the establishments of Messrs. McLeod and Sons and Messrs. Kimbolton and Co., of London.

The German war-ship *Kaiserin Augusta* has arrived at Manila; and Admiral Dewey has addressed to the Navy

Department of the United States a request that the *Oregon* may be sent to aid to his squadron there. The American flag has been hoisted in the small island of Cebu, one of the Philippines.

In Cuba, where the relations between native liberty-loving patriotism and the American liberators seem far more amicable, or more readily adjusted, Maximo Gomez, with two thousand of his men, who were formerly insurgents against the Spanish rule, has met General Ludlow and the staff of the United States Army, entering the city of Havana amidst popular acclamations.

A fresh topic of British diplomatic remonstrance, or complaint, in the conduct of the Chinese Government, has arisen in the last few days, from the sudden dismissal of Hu-Yu-Fen, Director of Railways in Northern China, and the promotion of Chang-Yi, a notorious opponent of British interests, to the chief control of that department.

The reappearance, within less than two hundred miles of Omdurman, to the west or south-west, of Lord Kitchener's defeated foe, the Dervish Khalifa, or successor of the Mahdi, with a comparatively small force of Baggara tribesmen, was made known here on Friday, but does not seem to portend any considerable military operations likely to be useful in consequence. Colonel Kitchener, in command of the reconnoitring force sent into Kordofan, had discovered that the Khalifa was at a place in the Desert called Sherhela, more than half-way between the White Nile and El Obeid, the capital of Kordofan. The people of that country had refused to join him, but he had collected, it was said, about six thousand men of his own tribe, the very same ferocious race of robbers that has been desolating the Nubian banks of the Nile since 1884; and with these followers, having no stores or provisions, and no supplies in Kordofan, but still in quest of grain, cattle, or water, he has turned to the north-east, keeping at a safe distance to the west of the Nile. Lord Kitchener, joined by Generals Sir Archibald Hunter and Macdonald, may be able not only to stop the Khalifa's advance, but also to cut off his retreat before he can reach Abba Island, which is a hundred and sixty miles from Omdurman. The Egyptian Government War Office, in an official communication from Cairo on Sunday, states "that there is at present no intention of sending reinforcements to Khartoum." Colonel Kitchener has left for London.

The Hamburg-American steam-ship *Bulgaria*, one of those vessels whose perilous and apparently helpless condition in mid-Atlantic, since the tremendous hurricanes that began in the first week of February, had caused so much anxiety, has not sunk after all, as was expected when her passengers were taken out of her. It was on Feb. 17 that she was encountered by a Norwegian barque. Captain Gustav Schmidt and his remaining crew of twenty-four good German sailors since Feb. 5 had done their best, with their ship lying on her side, the rudder disabled, the cargo displaced and loose; a hundred terrified horses wildly plunging about the decks; and water in the holds to depths of from 7 ft. to 14 ft. "Report us all well!" Captain Schmidt signalled to the Norwegian, rode out the storm two days longer, and then, repairing what he could, fixing makeshift steering-gear on the 21st, headed for the Azores, distant six hundred miles, and arrived safely at Ponta Delgada on Friday, Feb. 24. The German Emperor has conferred upon him the Cross of the Hohenzollern Order.

PARLIAMENT.

Mr. Balfour has introduced the most important measure of the Session. The London Government Bill steers a careful course between the extremists who want to "smash" the County Council and the extremists who would like to extinguish the City Corporation. Neither of these bodies is touched by the Bill, but a great municipality is to be created in Westminster (which embraces not only the Strand and St. Martin's, but the greater part of the West End, right away to Kensington, and represents a rateable value of five millions), and certain Vestries are to be raised to municipal honours. Much of the vast area of London is left undetermined for the present, and a Commission will be appointed to fix boundaries before another batch of municipalities can be set up. There are to be mayors and aldermen galore (the creation of aldermen giving special offence to Radicals), but "Greater Westminster," being a city in its own right, is to have a Lord Mayor who may even think more highly of his dignity than of the Lord Mayor in the City, and introduce fresh confusion into the minds of foreigners, who have hitherto regarded the chief magistrate of the Corporation as inferior only to the Queen. The new municipal bodies are not to be "linked" to the County Council; but it is not quite clear what powers they will exercise, seeing that even "Greater Westminster" cannot be independent of the Council, which has the powers of the central authority. The Bill had a favourable reception on the first reading. The question of Uganda was raised on the Estimates by Sir Charles Dilke, who elicited an important statement from the Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs. Mr. Brodick contended that the situation in Uganda was improving, but he did not deny that the Sudanese troops who revolted were poorly paid, and that their pay had fallen into arrear. Mr. Labouchere moved the adjournment of the House to discuss a matter of "urgent public importance" in the refusal of the managers of a Church school at Northampton to allow the Nonconformist pupils to wear medals which bore the inscription, "We want a Board school." Sir John Gorst mildly suggested that no discipline was possible in a school where parents persisted in decorating their children with emblems designed to flout the school authority. The decline of the British seaman in our mercantile marine was deplored in a debate which led to no practical conclusion. Mr. Ritchie denied that the sailor is badly treated by the shipowner, and objected to legislation designed to compel shipowners to employ Britons instead of foreigners. Incidentally he remarked that perhaps the foreign seamen were preferred because they gave less trouble. This is one of those official sayings which are fruitful of misunderstanding.

MUSIC.

Our musical history of the past fortnight records nothing particularly important. Mr. Dohnányi, who is really a most excellent pianoforte-player, has returned to London, and has once more justified the reputation which he immediately made upon his arrival here a few months back. Then on Ash Wednesday Mr. George Riseley conducted at the Queen's Hall a genuinely engrossing performance of Dvorák's "Stabat Mater"—Dvorák's, be it noted, not Rossini's. We welcome the change, reserving the complete right to alter our opinion completely fifty years hence. Rossini's "Stabat Mater" is in parts tiresome if you will; but he would be a bold man who should prophesy that it possesses less staying power than Dvorák's setting of the same words. Dvorák's "Stabat Mater" strikes one as being contemporary in a very finished manner.

At the Albert Hall we have had the customary production of "The Redemption," most creditably to the Royal Choral Society and its conductor, Herr Joachim, too, has returned to us, and therewith the Monday Popular Concerts at the St. James's Hall have been restored to a favour that only accidental fashion had withdrawn from them for a brief period. That wonderful artist plays as finely as ever, with the same sweetness, the same ineffable tenderness of tone which have fascinated the world for over half a century.

The Walenn Chamber Concert on the Tuesday of last week was a very agreeable entertainment, without, perhaps, rising to any singular height of distinction. Professor Villiers Stanford's song-cycle from Tennyson's "Princess" was sung by Miss Maggie Purvis, Madame Marie Hooton, Mr. Edward Branscombe, and Mr. Arthur Walenn. It is a composition in Dr. Stanford's best vein—thoughtful, but spontaneous; technical, but free and fanciful. The accompaniments indicating the wheel of the swallow "flying, flying South" have the whirr of wings in them, and, indeed, are charming. Professor Stanford is an unequal writer, and has been known to compose works which are practically an academic lecture to advanced students; but here, with Tennyson at his loveliest, the musician alights upon a genuine inspiration which he works out with masterly ingenuity. Mr. Gerald Walenn played the rhapsody for the violin from Sir Alexander Mackenzie's "The Pibroch," a work in which the composer sticks to his principles and views upon national music with perfect frankness. Mr. Walenn, be it noted, played extremely well, and was encored for his pains.

Other concerts may be united together in the cohesion of a single paragraph. We have had a Welsh Eisteddfod in London, and a curious festival it was. It would be impossible for the mere musical critic to follow the mazes of all the various competitions in which the various singers, players, reciters, and choral companies entered. There was much excitement, not much good singing, a great deal of Welsh spoken, a certain disagreeable element of rowdiness, plenty of high spirits, good-humour and laughter, and that is about all. No doubt the event was successful as such events go, and no doubt it is good that music should be encouraged among enthusiasts of every grade. Then on Friday night the Guildhall School of Music inaugurated its new theatre with a performance of Gounod's "Mock Doctor" (*Le Médecin malgré lui*) given by the students of the college under the direction of Mr. W. Cummings and Mr. Ernest Ford. Even for students the performance, so far as we attended to it, seemed singularly uninteresting; but then again no doubt it is good that students should have every encouragement in the thorny beginnings of their career, and this pleasant little theatre will, doubtless, be the occasion of better performances in point both of promise and of actual achievement. It is much that such a place should have been provided as a field for students' work. On Saturday afternoon the admirable Crystal Palace concerts, under the direction of Mr. August Manns, were resumed, and it is to be trusted that they will run a prosperous and popular course. At the Queen's Hall Mr. Henry Wood conducted a further Symphony Concert, and managed to elicit from his band a thoroughly splendid performance of Brahms's Third Symphony. Miss Isabel MacDougall, who has a thoroughly sympathetic voice, was wise in choosing Gluck's divine "Chiamo il mio ben."

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"SWEET LAVENDER," REVIVED AT TERRY'S.

To humour much can be forgiven, and even the preposterous story of "Sweet Lavender" is redeemed by its comic "relief." 'Twere easy, of course, to gird at the artificial pathos and hopeless conventionality of Mr. Pinero's little comedy. Never, surely, save behind the footlights, knew we such a superior Temple laundress as Ruth Rolt; such a nobly intentioned boy-lover as Clement Hale; such an ignorant yet innocent landlady's daughter as Lavender herself. Never, save in stageland, could we meet such eccentric Americans, such free-and-easy doctors, such wooden lawyers as those of our dramatist's fancy. Why, even delightful Dick Phenyl, so explosively virtuous, so tearfully inebriate, is the merest caricature of a barrister. But it is idle to mock at these things; useless to quibble over the convenient dispositions of fortune and misfortune; hardly profitable to resent the intrigue which connects Clement's guardian, the banker, with his sweetheart's mother, the lady of the basement. After all, Mr. Terry's Dick Phenyl is consistently amusing, and with a capital company to animate the other Pinero marionettes, the naïve fairy tale wins the kindest of welcome. Charming Maude Millett returns to coquet over the tea-cups with a new Horace Bream in the acceptable person of Mr. Ben Webster. Little Miss Nina Boucicault may not replace the Lavenders of earlier days, Miss Norreys and Miss Horlock, but she looks up with eyes only less tender than theirs at her gallant young Clement, Mr. Marsh Allen. Miss Carlotta Addison and Miss M. A. Victor recall pleasant memories in their original rôles, while Mr. Edmund Maurice is almost as sympathetic a Wedderburn as Mr. Brandon Thomas. Above all, we have that genial comedian, Mr. Edward Terry, inimitable in this part, able to boast that he has played Dick Phenyl on some fifteen hundred occasions. Quite a sufficient recommendation, that, of both play and player, to the popular mind, I imagine!

F. G. B.

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NOTICE TO ARTISTS.

The days for receiving Paintings, Drawings, &c. are Friday, Saturday, and Monday, March 24, 25, and 27, and for Sculpture, Tuesday, March 28. Forms and labels can be obtained from the Academy during the month of March, on receipt of a stamped and directed envelope.

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For MARCH contains

STORIES AND ARTICLES

BY

WELL-KNOWN AUTHORS.

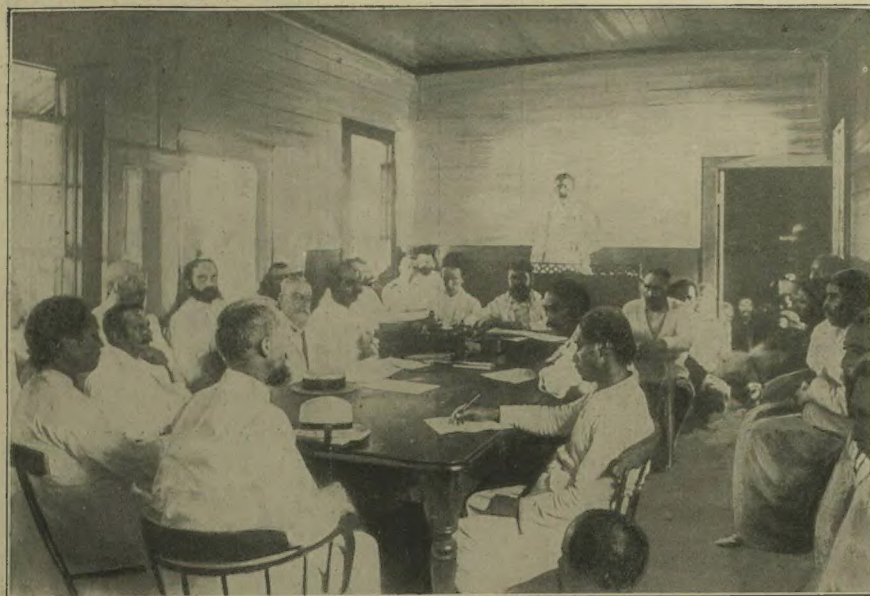
THREE COLOURED PLATES

ILLUSTRATIONS

BY

EMINENT ARTISTS.

OFFICE OF THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, 18, STRAND, W.C.



SUPREME COURT AT SAMOA, DECEMBER 31, 1898: CHIEF JUSTICE CHAMBERS DECIDING FOR MALIETOA TANU.



MALIETOA TANU, THE SUCCESSFUL CLAIMANT TO THE THRONE OF SAMOA.



THE HIGH CHIEF MATAAFA, THE UNSUCCESSFUL CLAIMANT TO THE THRONE OF SAMOA.



BLUEJACKETS FROM H.M.S. "PORPOISE" ON GUARD AT THE BRITISH CONSULATE, APIA.

WITH THE 3RD GURKHA RIFLES AT ALMORAH.

From Sketches by Colonel Palley.

The cantonment of Almorah, one of the oldest in India, and the headquarters of the 1st Battalion 3rd Gurkha Rifles, is perhaps not so well known as it deserves to be. The more fashionable and attractive neighbouring hill station of Naini Tal, the headquarters of the Bengal command, and summer residence of the North-West Provinces Government, has probably something to say to this, while Ramkhet, a large military garrison for British troops, is also only some twenty-eight miles distant. Our sketch is taken from Granite Hill, looking north, and gives a view of the station as one approaches it from the direction of Naini Tal. The climate of Almorah, at an elevation of some 5400 ft., is dryer than that of either Naini Tal or Ranikhet, and is considered very beneficial for persons of a consumptive tendency, provided the patient does not arrive when in too far advanced a stage of the disease. The surrounding hills are somewhat bare, but the station itself is well wooded, and planted with chir and deodar. The station lies along a ridge, at the northern end of which is the native town and bazaar of Almorah, the civil jail, and a few outlying bungalows. On the Gurkha parade ground stands Fort Moira, built by the British when our troops wrested Kumaon from the grip of the Gurkha in 1815. The place takes its name from the wild sorrel which grows in the vicinity and is called "almori." The peaks and ridges vary in height, commencing from the plains in Rohilkund, estimated at 500 ft. above sea-level. The first range gives an elevation of 4300 ft., while the second range, called the Ghagar, attains the height of 7700 ft. This elevation is nowhere exceeded throughout the centre of the Province, but as the ranges approach the Himalaya their altitude rapidly increases till it reaches, in the lofty peaks of the latter range, a height of 25,500 ft., the abode of eternal snow.

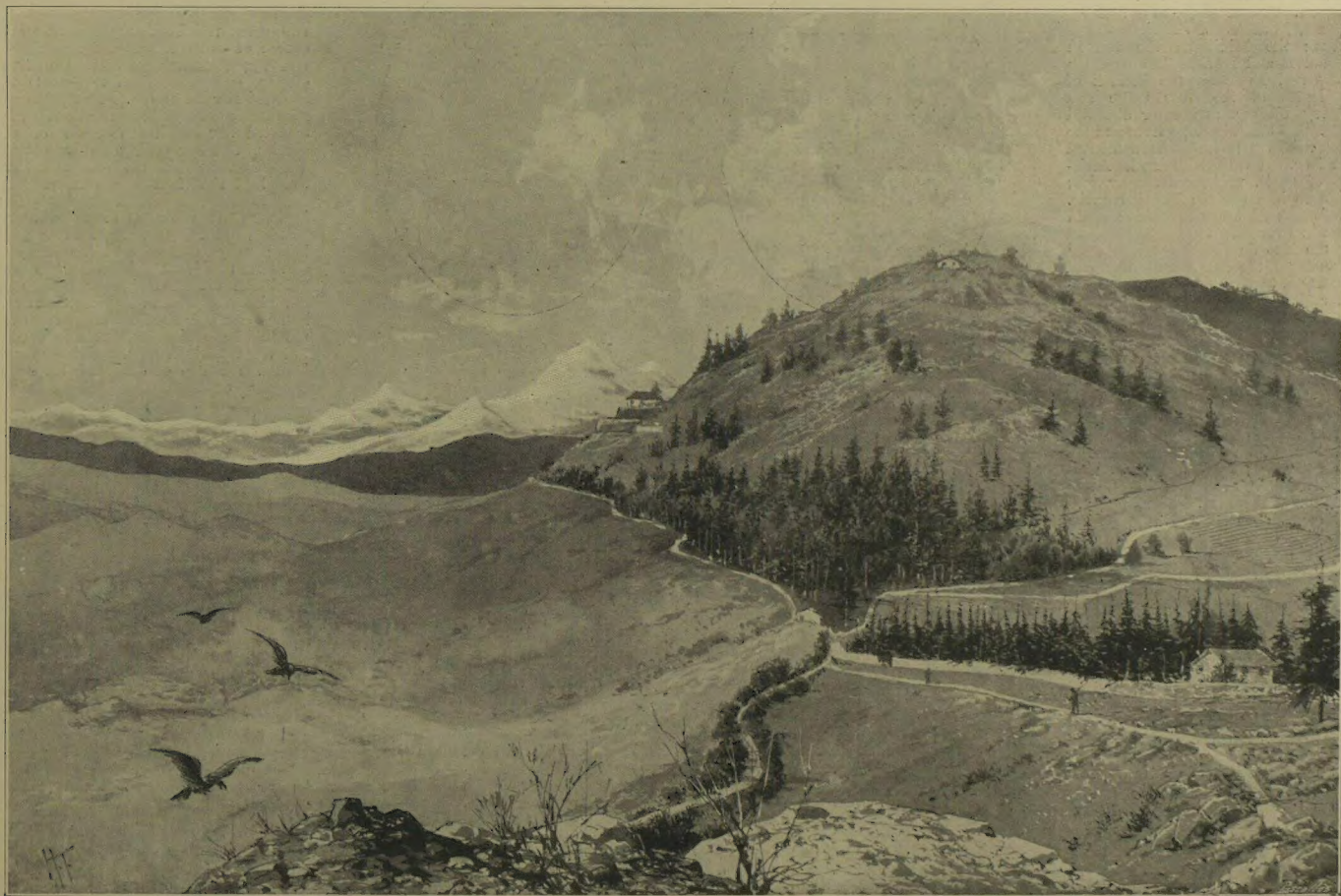


BASKET-PANNIER METHOD OF CARRYING A WOUNDED MAN OUT OF ACTION,
SUGGESTED BY MAJOR ROSE.

The subject of the transport of wounded men under fire is one that has been brought very much to notice during the experiences gained in the recent Tirah Campaign, and is one that commends itself to all military men. Engaged as

our troops were against a relentless and barbarous enemy, it was impossible to leave wounded men to their mercy, as could be done if fighting a civilised foe; and on many occasions our movements were most seriously impeded by the delay caused in bringing off our dead and wounded in safety. The "dhoolie," in common use throughout India, is a most cumbersome and unwieldy mode of transport, and requires skilled bearers to carry it. This native conveyance is quite unsuitable for use on the hill-side. In addition to its other disadvantages, it affords a large target to the enemy, and is in every way an impractical, almost useless, form of ambulance to accompany troops working over the sort of ground to be found in Afridi land. The stretcher, in many respects, is, indeed, a shade better, but it generally means (if bearers are not to hand) four or five fighting men being detached to carry a wounded man to the rear. Our sketch shows a method of conveyance suggested by Major Rose, of the 3rd Gurkha Rifles, which might, in some cases, be adopted as an auxiliary means of placing men within reach of surgical aid, or under cover. The idea is taken from the method adopted by the hillmen for carrying the aged and infirm pilgrims who annually resort to the sacred shrines of Badrinath and Kedarnath in the Himalayas, and consists of a basket-pannier fastened to the back of a man, either, as shown in the sketch, by a band passing across the chest, or sometimes across the brow, and additionally secured sometimes by another fastening round the waist. The porter provides himself with a crutched stick, which, when he wishes to rest, he places as a support beneath the basket. These basket-panniers were tried in the field during the recent hill manoeuvres held in the neighbourhood of Almorah. The difficulty is to combine lightness with durability. Our sketch is taken from the life.

Trisul Peak, 22,342 ft.



ALMORAH, LOOKING NORTH, WITH A DISTANT VIEW OF TRISUL PEAK AND THE SNOWY RANGE.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE GREAT NILE DAM.

We have already described the laying of the foundation-stone of the great Nile dam at Assouan by the Duke of Connaught. We now are enabled to publish illustrations of the actual ceremonial, from photographs taken on Feb. 12, the day of the Duke of Connaught's visit. The great work, so auspiciously inaugurated, is making rapid progress in the hands of Messrs. John Aird and Co., the contractors for the work. The foundation-stone, which is the first stone set in the dam, is bedded on a high portion of solid rock. The royal party and suite were met at Shellal by H. E. Fakhry Pasha, Mr. John Aird, M.P., and Mr. Stokes, representative of Messrs. Ransomes and Rapier, Limited, who are making the sluices for the dam. A special train conveyed the party from Shellal to Assouan, photographs being taken as the train was passing under the decorations. The function was witnessed by a large number of visitors staying at Assouan. The ceremony being concluded, the Duke and Duchess inspected the progress made in the work, and returned by steamer to Shellal, whence they continued their journey towards Khartoum.

THE TROUBLE IN SAMOA.

In former issues we have discussed the Samoan situation, which on Dec. 31 became acute, and threatened to develop into serious civil conflict between the supporters of the rival chiefs Mataafa and Malietoa Tanu, the former losing thirteen killed and fourteen wounded, the latter four killed and eight wounded. We this week publish some further illustrations, including portraits of the chiefs. The claimants had laid their case before Chief Justice Chambers, and Malietoa was proclaimed King. We give the scene in the Court-house on that occasion. A few hours later the disturbances began, and Commander Sturdee, of H.M.S. *Porpoise*, landed a detachment to restore order. Another view represents the British Consulate guarded by bluejackets landed under Lieutenant Cave.

PRESIDENT FAURE'S FUNERAL.

On Feb. 23 the funeral of M. Félix Faure was solemnised with a religious service at Notre Dame Cathedral, followed by the interment in his family grave in the Père la Chaise Cemetery. There was a procession through the streets at ten o'clock, from the Elysée Palace to Notre Dame, with a large military escort; the hearse was followed, next after M. Faure's family, by President Loubet, walking on foot, with the Vice-President of the Senate, M. Franck Chauveau, and M. Deschanel, President of the Chamber of Deputies; the Ministers, the foreign Ambassadors and Diplomatic Corps, the Senators and Deputies, the Council of State, heads of the War Office and the Navy, Judges, and other dignified officials. The Cathedral, the front and the interior, was draped with black ornamented with silver. Cardinal Richard, Archbishop of Paris, performed the service; opposite to him sat the Papal Nuncio. When it was done the procession again set forth, over the Pont d'Arcole and along the Rue de Rivoli, the Boulevard de Sebastopol, the Rue de Turbigo, and other streets, to the Place de la République, and to Père la Chaise Cemetery. Here the walls and gates were decorated with funeral drapery; here was a catafalque, black and silver, with incense-burners at each of the four corners, and with palms and ferns standing around the coffin placed upon it; opposite to this was a tribune and a platform with chairs, upon which the chief personages sat. Proceeded by ten cars laden with floral offerings, the coffin, brought on the magnificent funeral car, entered the cemetery. Speeches were delivered by the Vice-President of the Senate, the President of the Chamber, the Prime Minister, M. Dupuy, by M. Lockroy, Minister of Marine, M. Guillaumin, Minister for the Colonies, and others. The troops, numbering about ten thousand, under command of General Zurlinden, Military Governor of Paris, marched past the coffin, saluting it, as it lay upon the catafalque. It was finally laid in the grave. There was no disturbance of order anywhere during the proceedings. But some hours later in the evening, a few rash members of the "Patriotic League," following the return march of General Roget's Brigade to the Neuilly Barracks, and endeavouring to persuade the soldiers to return and to attack the Elysée, two of the Deputies, M. Paul Déroulède and M. Marcel Habert, were arrested, and a prosecution is now impending, likewise, over M. Millevoye, for the lesser offence of exciting a disturbance on the Boulevard Montmartre, where more than a hundred people were taken into custody by the police. The Duc d'Orléans, the Royalist claimant of the French throne, was at Brussels, and has now gone back to Italy. Chests containing thousands of his medal portraits were seized by the police of Paris.

THE DICKENS DRAMA AT THE LYCEUM.

Mr. Martin Harvey has figured in small parts at the Lyceum Theatre for several years. On Feb. 16 he blossomed into the temporary manager of the famous house, producing a version of "A Tale of Two Cities," dramatised under the title of "The Only Way" by the Rev. Freeman Wills, brother and biographer of the late

W. G. Wills. Several adaptations of Dickens's famous (if least characteristic) novel have been produced. Mr. Wills divides it into a prologue—in which he tells of the death of Defarge at the hands of the Marquis of St. Evremonde, who had dishonoured Defarge's sister—and four acts. The first of these opens in London, where St. Evremonde's son, masquerading as Charles Darnay (Mr. Herbert Sleath), falls in love with Lucie Manette (Miss Grace Warner), the daughter of the doctor who had been sent to the Bastille lest he should unmask the murder of the peasant. The latter's brother, thirsting for vengeance, induces Darnay to go to Paris, where he is tried by the Revolutionary Tribunal and condemned. The last act pictures the self-sacrifice of poor Sydney Carton (Mr. Martin Harvey), who takes Darnay's place and marches to the scaffold with the little serving-maid (played by Mrs. Martin Harvey) who loves him unto death.

OUR PORTRAITS.

Mr. W. H. Holland, the new member for the Rotherham Division, sat for Salford in the House of Commons as a Liberal from 1892 to 1895. He is a Manchester cotton-spinner, and has taken a prominent part in the municipal politics of that city. Mr. Holland's majority at Rotherham was 1957. His predecessor, Mr. Acland, was unopposed at the two preceding elections, and in 1892 had a majority of 3728.

Herr Coloman Széll, the new Hungarian Premier, was born on July 8, 1843, at Gosztony, in Hungary. He took



Photo. Elliott and Fry.
MR. W. H. HOLLAND,
The New M.P. for Rotherham.



Photo. Koller, Budapest.
HERR COLOMAN SZÉLL,
The New Hungarian Premier.

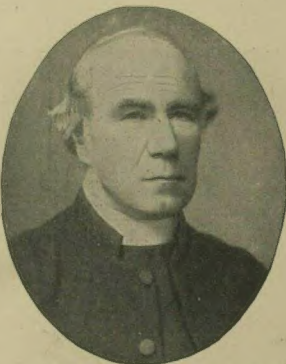


Photo. Russell.
THE VEN. SHADRACH PRYCE,
The New Dean of St. Asaph.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.
THE REV. CHARLES E. CORNISH,
The New Bishop of Grahamstown.

his degree at the University of Budapest, and was elected member of Parliament in 1868. His political career was begun under the auspices of the great statesman Francis Deák. He married the daughter of the poet Vörösmarty, and founded one of the most influential banks of Hungary. He was elected President of the Financial Commission of the Parliament, and in 1875 Minister of the Finances. After the occupation of Bosnia, he left this position.

The new Dean of St. Asaph, the Ven. Shadrach Pryce, is a graduate of Queens' College, Cambridge. He took priest's orders in 1860. At the outset of his career he was engaged in educational work, and held the Headmastership of the Grammar School, Dolgelly, where he was also curate from 1859 to 1864. He has been Archdeacon of Carmarthen and Rural Dean of Llandilo, has served as one of her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools, and has filled various other important offices. Since 1893 he has been Vicar of Llanfihangel Aberbythych, Golden Grove, Carmarthen.

Canon Cornish, who has accepted the Bishopric of Grahamstown, is one of the best known clergy in the West of England, but must not be confounded with the Archdeacon of the same name. The Bishop-designate, who was ordained in 1869, has been, since 1882, Vicar of St. Mary Redcliffe, Bristol, and may be deemed the most prominent incumbent in the diocese. He is Rural Dean of Bristol, and holds an honorary Canon's stall in the Cathedral. He was for a few years an assistant-master at Uppingham, and since taking to parish work has been entirely associated with the West. The see of Grahamstown, to which he is now going, is one of the earliest created out of the old diocese of Capetown, and contains the eastern province of Cape Colony. There is both missionary and pastoral work to do there, and the clergy number about ninety.

THE QUEEN'S DRAWING-ROOMS.

The first two Drawing-Rooms of the season were held on March 1 and 3 at Buckingham Palace, having been postponed owing to the death of Prince Alfred of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. Owing to the same sad event half-mourning only was worn, a circumstance which naturally robbed the scene of somewhat of its wonted brilliancy. As compensation, however, the *débutantes* were particularly pretty. In the absence of the Queen, Princess Christian held the Drawing-Rooms.

STUDIES AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

No. X.—THE MOOSE, OR ELK.

Our illustration of this animal represents a rather unusual event—namely, a fawn taking a stroll with its male instead of its female parent. That this is really the case is apparent from the picture itself, since, as most people are aware, the female moose, like all female deer except the reindeer, carries no antlers. The narrow and unexpanded form of these appendages further shows that the larger animal in our illustration is far from being adult, and therefore lacks the glories of full age. Truly magnificent trophies are the spreading antlers of such an animal—one pair in the possession of the Duke of Westminster having a span of over six feet! That such a mass can be reproduced annually (for moose, like other deer, shed these appendages once a year) is one of the most extraordinary phenomena observed in natural history.

During the rigours of the Canadian winter moose have a hard time of it, and when the snows begin to fall thickly they set out in quest of a sheltered spot in the forest wherein to "yard." In such a situation a family party quarter themselves till the returning spring, keeping open a confined space by constant trampling, and subsisting on the bark and twigs of the conifers and other trees within reach. They emerge from their long confinement in a dreadfully emaciated condition.

From being able to withstand such severe climatic conditions, as well as from the fact that it is common to the northern districts of both Europe and America, it might naturally be assumed that the moose would accommodate itself readily to life in an English deer-park. As a matter of fact, this is, however, by no means the case; and for some reason at present unascertained, these giant deer are much more difficult to keep than are many of their smaller relatives from the tropical jungles of the East.

R. LYNDEKKE.

SCENES AT HANKOW.

Hankow—"The mouth of commercial marts"—the proposed terminus of the two great trunk railway lines now in course of construction, and already the most important commercial centre of the empire, is soon destined to become the greatest city in China. Everything is favourable to its greatness and prosperity. Situated almost in the heart of the empire, and possessing every natural advantage, it is the trade centre of more than half the eighteen provinces.

Hankow, as referred to by foreigners, is in reality made up of three cities, Hankow proper, Wuchang, and Hanyang, being only divided by the Yangtze and Han Rivers. Wuchang is the provincial capital and headquarters of the Viceroy of Honan and Hupeh. Hankow is situated about 650 miles from the mouth of the Yangtze. It was opened to foreign trade in 1860, and has always been the centre of the black-tea trade.

Various estimates have been made of the population of these three cities. The Abbé Huc gives it as eight millions, other authorities at one million; the latter estimate is generally considered the more correct.

The journey from Shanghai to Hankow occupies three days and a half. There are altogether twenty large steamers running between the two ports, and even this number is insufficient for the immense trade. Thousands of junks are engaged in bringing down the produce from the Upper Yangtze provinces, and the Han River. In no part of the world, perhaps, are so many river craft to be seen at one time as at the confluence of the Yangtze and Han rivers. The former river for miles is almost completely blocked up by boats. During the year 1897, 73,049 native and 1214 foreign passengers arrived, while 64,697 native and 1045 foreign passengers departed.

THE BLIZZARD IN PHILADELPHIA.

We publish some remarkable photographs showing how the recent heavy snowstorm in America affected the city of Philadelphia. The "blizzard," as it is called there, is most remarkable for the wide area which it affected, and for the enormous quantities of snow which were deposited by it, stopping railroad and common traffic for some days in different parts of the country, and breaking down telegraph wires and poles with the weight of congealed snow almost converted into ice, besides obstructing city streets, so that people could scarcely enter or leave the houses or shops, and vehicles were unable to pass from one part of the town to another. Even the snow-plough was unable to make headway. The stoppage of gas and water supplies, from the choking of the pipes, was a considerable evil, but the daily food supplies also became uncertain and precarious in many dwellings.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Justice Romer was born in 1840, and married Mark Lemon's daughter in 1864. He graduated at Trinity Hall, Cambridge, and was Senior Wrangler in 1863. Called to the Bar in 1867, he became Queen's Counsel in 1881, Judge of the Chancery Court in 1891, and now passes to the Appeal Court. Lord Justice Romer is said to be the only cyclist on the Bench, and is a devotee of the single eye-glass.

Mr. Herbert Hardy Cozens-Hardy, who succeeds Lord Justice Romer in the Chancery Division, was born in 1838, and educated at Amersham School and University College, London. He is a Fellow of University College, and a Bencher of Lincoln's Inn. Mr. Cozens-Hardy vacates his seat in North Norfolk, which he has represented in the Liberal interest since 1885. Mr. Justice Cozens-Hardy illustrates one of the amenities of our political life, for he owes his appointment to a Lord Chancellor who is a redoubtable champion of the Tory Party.

Dr. Richard Garnett, whose retirement from the position of Keeper of Printed Books at the British Museum we have already announced, is a native of Lichfield, and is the eldest son of the Rev. Richard Garnett, who occupied the post of Assistant Keeper of Printed Books at the British Museum. In 1851 Richard Garnett the younger entered that institution as an assistant in the Library, and in 1875 became Superintendent of the Reading Room, attaining in 1890 the position he is about to demit. Dr. Garnett's wide scholarship, literary attainments, and unfailing courtesy have won for him a position of enviable eminence.

The death took place in Edinburgh, on Feb. 21, of William Rutherford, M.D., F.R.S., Professor of Physiology in the University. Not since the death of Sir Robert Christison has the Medical Faculty of Edinburgh University received such a blow as the death of Rutherford has occasioned. He was *facile princeps* the ideal Professor, and the fame of his teaching and of his experimental methods has extended to all corners of the world. Born in Roxburghshire in 1839, he graduated as Bachelor of Medicine in the University of Edinburgh in 1863, and obtained in 1865 a gold medal for his thesis submitted for the degree of M.D. He was House Physician and House Surgeon in the Royal Infirmary, and subsequently taught anatomy in Surgeons' Hall. After a protracted course of advanced study at Berlin, Vienna, and Paris, he became in 1865 Assistant Professor of Physiology at Edinburgh, so much success attending his classes that in 1869 he was appointed Professor of Physiology in King's College, London, which post he held for five years, during the last three of which he was also Fullerian Professor of Physiology in the Royal Institution. On the resignation of Hughes Bennett in 1874, he was appointed Professor of Physiology in the University of Edinburgh. Professor Rutherford has contributed much to the literature of experimental physiology.

The late Sir John Struthers, who died in Edinburgh on Feb. 24, was known not only as a distinguished anatomist, but as a man of a curious incisive personality. Born near Dunfermline in 1823, he was one of three brothers who all entered Medicine. He began teaching anatomy in the Extra Mural School at Edinburgh, and in 1863 he became Professor of Anatomy at Aberdeen University, where he remained a power both in his own subject and on the whole of medical education until 1889. For many years he represented Aberdeen—one might, indeed, say Scotland—on the General Medical Council, and by his persistence he was one of those who have brought medical education up to the high point it now touches in this country. Equipped with wit, humour, and sarcasm, he was ever a

first-rate fighter, and waged a long war on the "classical" education of the 'sixties and 'seventies. To many thousands of medical men now scattered over the world he will always be memorable as "Johnnie" Struthers—not in derision, but in the endearment which genuine enthusiasm will always create. As a descriptive anatomist, he added a great deal to our knowledge of the whale, and has left an extensive literature on the subject. He was knighted only last year.

England has lost one of the most brilliant of her Colonial Governors by the death of Sir George Bowen. Like Mr. Gladstone, he was a striking example of the union of scholarship and statesmanship. In 1847, at the age of twenty-six, he was appointed President of the University of Corfu, and spent some years in the Ionian Islands. He was associated with Mr. Gladstone, who was sent on a mission to the islands in 1858; but when they were ceded to Greece, he was in favour of the retention of Corfu by Great Britain. In 1859 Sir George

so severely that its future seems at present uncertain. The Church is established in Barbadoes, but not in the Windward Isles. Of late the Church's work has suffered most seriously, like all other interests in the island, and a new Bishop will have a very grave task before him.

Baron Julius de Reuter, founder of the great telegraphic organisation which bears his name, has died at the age of eighty-three. His earliest operations were conducted on a small scale at Aix-la-Chapelle in 1849, the year of the first Continental telegraph service. In 1851, when telegraphic communication was established between England and France, Baron de Reuter set up his chief office in London, and soon began that service of foreign telegrams for the London papers which has made his fame. In 1865 he obtained the concession for the submarine telegraph line between England and Germany. In the same year he acquired the right to work the French cable to America. In 1872 he received from the Shah of Persia the exclusive privilege of managing the Persian railways and mines, but international complications led to the withdrawal of this concession. Baron de Reuter retired from active work in 1878.

The Rev. James Maurant Du Port, Rector of Denver, Hon. Canon of Norwich, and Rural Dean, was one of the best-known clergy in the diocese of Norwich. He graduated at Caius College, Cambridge, as Tenth Wrangler, in 1855, the year that Mr. Courtney was Second Wrangler. He became a Fellow and Tutor of his College, but, having taken holy orders, he accepted in 1862 a Norfolk living. In 1884 he removed to Denver, an incumbency in the gift of his own College, and thus his whole pastoral life had been spent in one county. He has been for many years honorary secretary of the Norwich Diocesan Conference, and a leader in the general work of the diocese. Like many of the most useful men in every diocese, he was little known outside the sphere of work which he was content to regard as his own. He died on Feb. 22.

The illness of Mr. Rudyard Kipling has allowed London to realise how strong is the hold he has gained on the popular heart. Judged by the posters of evening newspapers, and by the prominent headings heralding the bulletins in the daily journals, Mr. Kipling's health is of at least as much concern to the public as a Cabinet Minister's or a junior royal personage's. Mr. Kipling, though his general health is good, has had several serious illnesses, his life being nearly despaired of ten years ago, when his Indian stories were the chief asset set to the credit of his fame. A good life Mr. Kipling's certainly ought to be, if heredity is the important factor that insurance companies reckon it to be. Both his father and mother are remarkably young and hale for their years, and the record of both families is a satisfactory one for its longevity. Mr. Rudyard Kipling once modestly introduced himself to Lord Dufferin as "Mr. Lockwood Kipling's son"; and everybody hopes that he will illustrate his paternity by the excellence of his constitution.

The many friends of Mr. John Latey, the editor of the *Penny Illustrated Paper*, will congratulate him on the fact that one of his sons—Louis John Latey—has been awarded a foundation scholarship at the Mercers' School.

Mr. William Burr Baskcomb, who died on Feb. 25, aged eighty-six, was formerly Professor of Naval Architecture and Shipbuilding at the Royal School of Naval Architecture and Marine Engineering at South Kensington and Greenwich, and Examiner in Naval Architecture to the Science and Art Department. He was the Admiralty officer who superintended the construction of the first armour-plated frigate, H.M.S. *Warrior*, and also H.M.S. *Northumberland*. He invented a washer for the protection of the fastenings of armour-plates, which was adopted by the fleets of all the Great Powers.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.
MR. JUSTICE ROMER,
New Judge of Appeal.

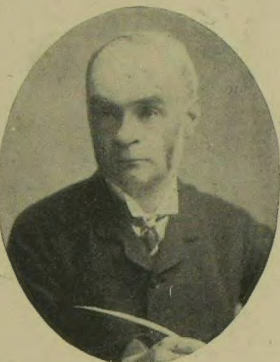


Photo. Elliott and Fry.
MR. COZENS-HARDY, Q.C.,
New Chancery Judge.



Photo. Maull and Fox.
DR. RICHARD GARNETT,
Retiring from the British Museum.

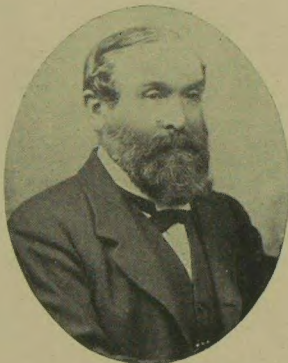


Photo. Maull and Fox.
THE LATE PROFESSOR RUTHERFORD.

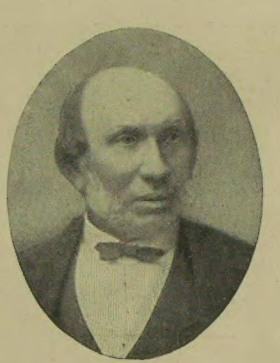


Photo. Wilson, Aberdeen.
THE LATE SIR JOHN STRUTHERS.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE SIR GEORGE BOWEN.

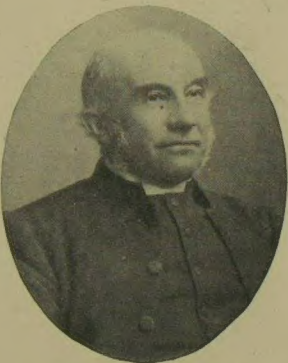


Photo. Russell and Sons.
THE LATE CANON DU PORT.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE BARON DE REUTER.

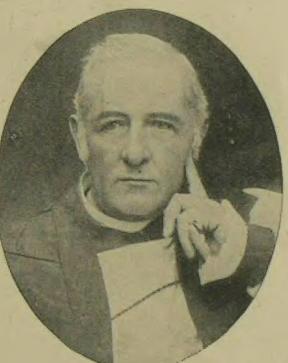
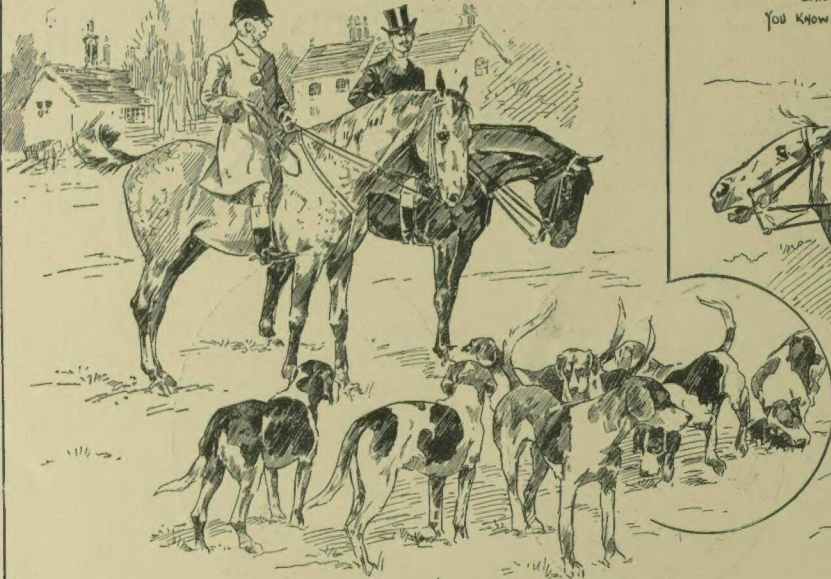


Photo. Russell and Sons.
THE LATE BISHOP OF BARBADOES.

began his career as a colonial statesman. He was successively Governor of Queensland, New Zealand, and Victoria. He was specially successful in New Zealand, where he reconciled the insurgent Maoris to British rule. The idea of Imperial Federation had in him one of its earliest pioneers. In 1879 he was transferred to Mauritius, where he was very popular both with French and English. From Mauritius he went to Hong Kong, and finished his official career there in 1885. In his remaining years Sir George Bowen continued to take a keen interest in colonial affairs, and in 1888 he served on the Royal Commission appointed to inquire into the new electoral constitution of Malta.

The Church in the West Indies, which has suffered so severely of late from the blows of nature and the decay of commerce, has now lost one of its leaders by the death of the Bishop of Barbadoes and the Windward Isles. Dr. Bree was born in 1828, educated at Bury School and at Caius, Cambridge, and took orders in 1852. He was a country incumbent when, in 1882, he accepted his Bishopric. His diocese was the remains of what was originally a much larger sphere. Its great institution is the Codrington College, the estates of which have suffered

(M.F.H.)—THAT FURTHER HOUND THERE—I VALUE HIM VERY MUCH
SO PLEASE BE CAREFUL NOT TO JUMP ON HIM
(WELL KNOWN THROSTLE) "VERY SORRY, MY LORD, BUT I'VE A SHOCKIN' BAD EYE FOR HOUNDS
"FRAID HE MUST TAKE HIS CHANCE WITH THE REST!"



"HAVE YOU SEEN THE HOUNDS THIS WAY MY GOODMAN?
CAN'T YOU HEAR? HOUNDS! DOGS, YOU KNOW
YOU KNOW WHAT A PACK OF HOUNDS ARE—DONT YOU?
(CLANK! CLANK! CLANK!!)"



"NOT A RUM CHAP
TO GO OVER T' HEDGE THAT
AWAY WHEN HERES A
NICE GATE ALL HANDY"



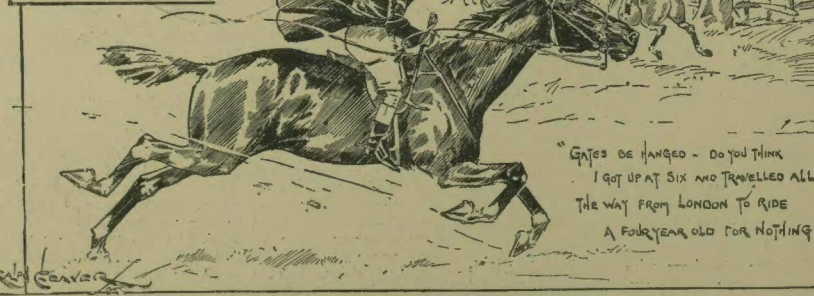
"A LEAP IN THE DARK"



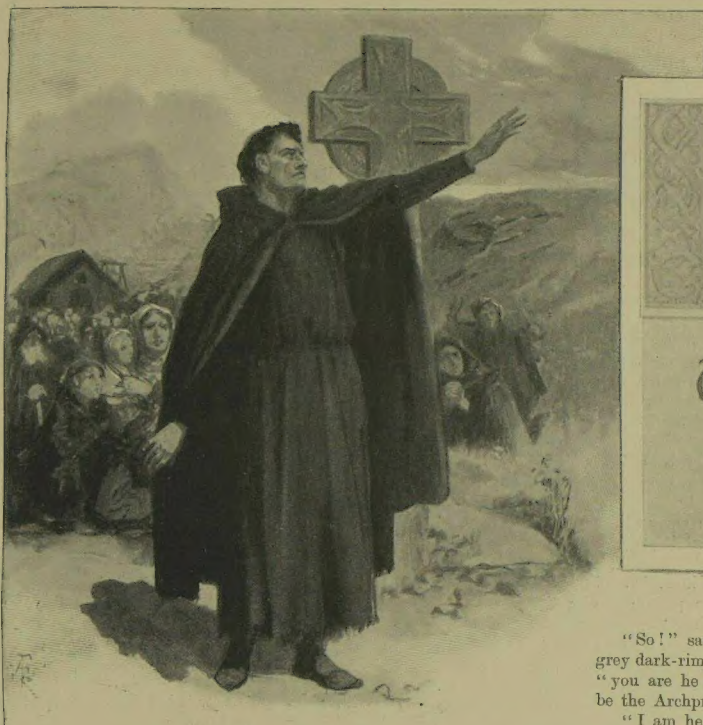
Apparently—
"A check! a check!!
I'VE THE WERRY
SIGHT OF A CHECK!"



HASNT ANYBODY
GOT A
JAW



"GATES BE HANGED—DO YOU THINK
I GOT UP AT SIX AND TRAVELLED ALL
THE WAY FROM LONDON TO RIDE
A FOUR YEAR OLD FOR NOTHING!"



PABO

THE PRIEST

By S. BARING-GOULD.

ILLUSTRATED BY A. FORESTIER.

CHAPTER XVIII.

CAREG CENNEN.

Before dawn Pabo was on his way, bound to Careg Cennen, riding between four soldiers. He had been taken in the house of Howel. It had been his intention to deliver himself up early on the morrow; but he was forestalled.

He regretted this, for more reasons than one. He had been unable to make final arrangements for the protection of Morwen, and he had been unable to communicate with Howel as he desired, relative to the secret of the treasure in the Roman gold-mines.

The owls were hooting and night-jars screaming as the cavalcade proceeded along the Sarn Helen towards the broad valley of the Towy by that of its tributary the Dulais. As they reached the main river, the dawn was lightening behind the Brecknock Mountains, and the water sliding down toward the sea shone cold as steel.

With daylight men were met upon the road, and occasionally a woman; the latter invariably, the former for the most part, fled at the sight of the armed men. But some, less timorous, remained, and recognising the Archpriest, saluted him with respect and with exclamations of lamentation at seeing him in the hands of the common enemy. At Llandeilo the river was crossed, and Pabo was conveyed up a steep ascent into the tributary valley of the Cennen. But this stream makes a great loop, and the troopers thrust their horses over the spur of hill about which the torrent sweeps.

Presently the castle came in view, very new and white, constructed of limestone, on a crag of the same substance, that rises precipitously for five hundred feet sheer out of the ravine and the brawling stream that laves the foot of the crag.

After a slight dip the track led up a bold stony rise to the castle gate.

The situation is of incomparable wildness and majesty. Beyond the ravine towers up the Mynydd Du, the Black Mountain, clothed in short heather, to cairn-topped ridges, two thousand feet above the sea, the flanks seamed with descending threads of water; while further south over its shoulder are seen purple hills in the distance. A solitary sycamore here and there alone stands against the wind on the ridge about which the Cennen whispers far below.

The bishop had already arrived at the castle. He had followed up his emissary pretty quickly, anxious that his own view of the case should be maintained in the event of the capture of Pabo.

He and Gerald of Windsor were on excellent terms. Between them they were to divide the land, so much to the crook and so much to the sword; and whom the latter did not consume were to be delivered over to feel the weight of the crozier. In the subjugation of Wales, in the breaking of the spirit of the people, church and castle must combine and play each other's game.

The staff of the bishop has a crook above and a spike below, to signify the double power that resides in his hands, that of drawing and that of goading. The time for the exercise of the curved head might come in the future, that for the driving of the sharp end was the present, thought Bernard.

No sooner did he learn of the arrival of Pabo than he bade that he should be brought into his presence, in the room given to him by his host on whom he had intruded himself—a room facing south, overhanging the precipice.

The weather was mild, and the sun shone in at the window. There was no fire.

"So!" said the prelate, fixing his grey dark-rimmed eyes on the prisoner, "you are he who give yourself out to be the Archpriest of Caio?"

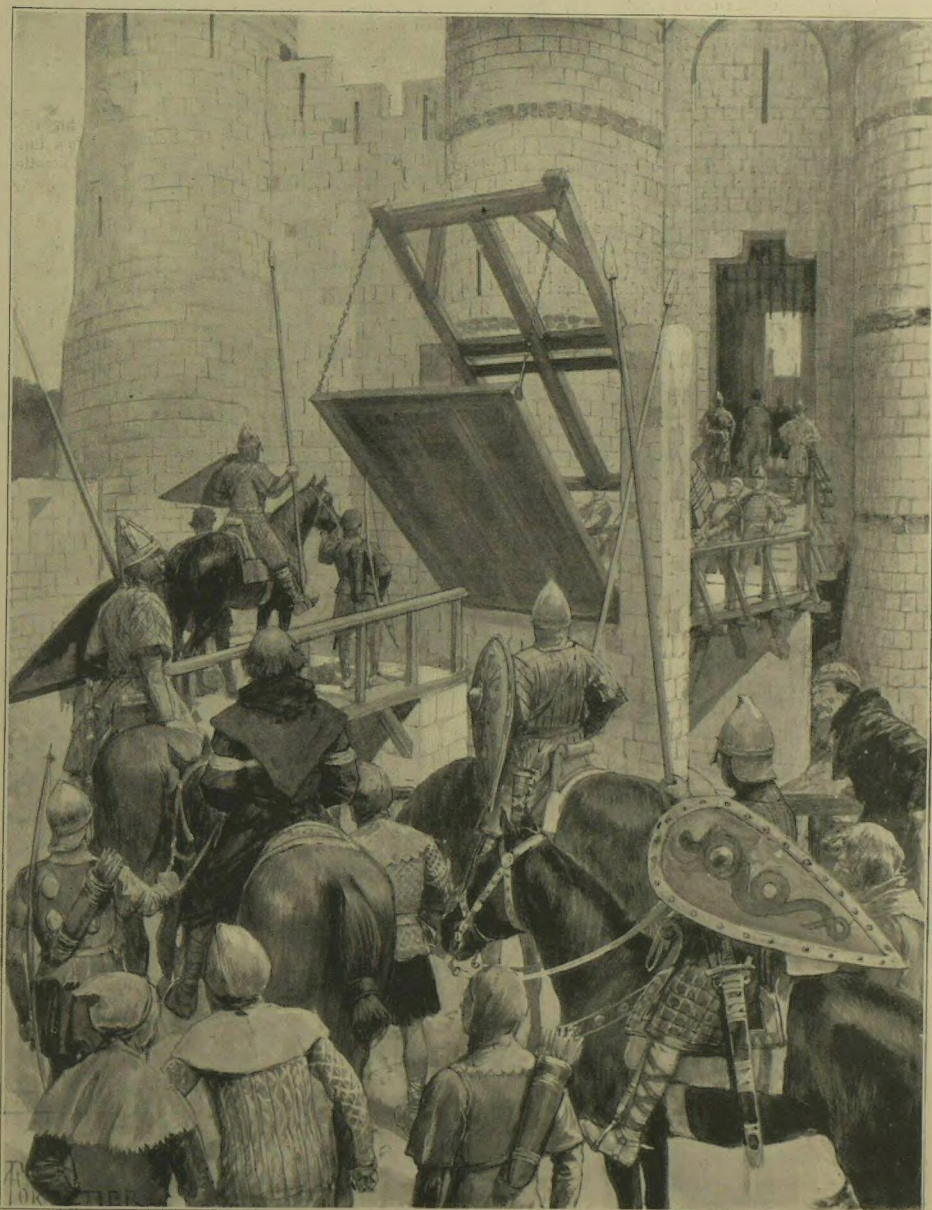
"I am he," answered Pabo.

The bishop assured himself that the strongly built upright man before him was bound and could not hurt him; and he said to the attendants, "Go forth outside the door and leave this dissembler with me.

Yet remain within call, and one bid Gerald, the Master, come to me speedily."

The men withdrew.

"I wonder," said Bernard, and his words hissed through the gap in his teeth, "I wonder now at thy audacity. If indeed I held thee to be Pabo, the late Archpriest of Caio, who smote me, his bishop, on the mouth and drew my blood, there would be no other course for me but to deliver thee over to the secular arm, and for such an act



After a slight dip the track led up a bold stony rise to the castle gate.

of treason against thy superior in God—the stake would be thy due.”

“I am he, Lord Bishop, who struck thee on the mouth. The insult was intolerable. The old law provided—an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth. If thou goest by the law of Moses deal with me as seems right. What the Gospel law is, maybe thou art too recent in Holy Orders and too new to the study of the Sacred Scriptures to be aware.”

“Thou art insolent. But as I do not for a moment take thee to be the deceased Pabo—”

“Lord Bishop, none doubt that I am he.”

Bernard looked at him from head to foot.

“Methinks a taller man by three fingers’ breadth, and leaner in face certainly, as also browner in complexion, and with cheekbones standing out more forcibly.”

Pabo hardly knew what to think of the bishop’s words. It occurred to him that the prelate was beating about for some excuse for pardoning him, whilst saving his dignity.

He smiled and said, “If it be a matter of doubt with thee, whether I be indeed Pabo—”

“Oh! by no means,” interrupted Bernard, “I have no manner of doubt. On the surest testimony I know that the Archbishop Pabo was consumed by fire from heaven. This is known far and wide. His Majesty the King is aware of it; it is a matter of common talk.”

“Yet is it not true.”

“It is most assuredly true. I have the testimony of credible eye-witnesses.”

“Yet,” said Pabo, “my own wife knows me.”

“Of her I can believe anything,” said Bernard, thrusting his seat a little back, to give more space between himself and the prisoner.

“Hearken unto me,” said the bishop; “I have heard say of these Welsh that they keep their King Arthur somewhere, ready to produce him in the hour of need, to fight against their rightful lord and sovereign the King of England. And I warrant ye—they will turn out some scullion knave, and put a tinsel crown about his head, and shout ‘God save King Arthur!’ and make believe it is he come from his long sleep to fight against us. But we are prepared against such make-believes and mumming kings. And so, in like manner, when Pabo, Archbishop of Caio, is dead, burned to a cinder, as it has been most surely reported to us, then up starts such as you and assume to be what you are not, so as to fan the flame of discontent among the people, and inspire them with hopes that can never be fulfilled; and so persuade them to resist rightful authority. Have I not appointed my late chaplain to be Archbishop in the room of that unhappy man who, for temerity in lifting his hand against his ecclesiastical father, was evidently, before the eyes of all men, smitten by Heaven? I, of all men, I, who was struck in the face, and thereby lost my teeth, have a right to recognise the impious man who smote me. But I tell thee I do not identify thee. Further, I am ready to declare, and if need be, to swear, that thou art not the man. Thou art but a sorry make-shift. Who should know him, if not I?”

“My dear people of Caio, whose pastor I have been, among whom I have gone in and out, will know me well enough. Confront me with them and the matter will be settled at once.”

“Nay—the word of a Welshman is not to be trusted. They will combine to bolster up a lie. Thou art an impostor, a false Pabo. That is certain.” Then he turned his hands one over the other: “If thou wert the real Pabo, then be very sure of this: I would deliver thee over to the secular arm to be burned in verity—and only Norman and English soldiers should surround the fire, and they would see that thou wast in truth this time burned to a coal. But as I do not and will not hold this, I ask thee, for thine own sake, to acknowledge that there has been a plot to thrust thee forward—that thy people are in a league to accept thee as their priest and chief, knowing very well that their true priest and chief was burned in his house. Confess this, and I will use my endeavour to get thee thrust away into some distant part, where no harm shall come to thee. Nay, further,” the bishop brightened up, “I will even keep thee about myself and advance thee to honour, and I will put thee into a fat benefice at the other extremity of the diocese, if thou wilt constantly affirm that thou art not Pabo, and never wast Pabo, neither ever knew him—but hast been mistaken for him through some chance resemblance.”

“Although a Welshman,” said the Archbishop, with a curl of the lip, “and, as thou sayest, ready with lies, I will not say that.”

“Then take the consequences,” exclaimed the bishop. “I give one minute in which to resolve thee. Admit that thou art an impostor, and I will do what I can for thee; refuse—and—and—”

“Do your worst,” exclaimed Pabo indignantly. “What your object is I cannot devise; but, be it what it may, I will not help with a falsehood. I am Pabo, still Archbishop and head of the tribe of the land of Caio.”

“Then,” said the bishop, with harshness in his tone but with no alteration in his mask-like face, “be content as simulating the Pabo who struck his ecclesiastical father in the face, and knocked out one tooth and broke another, to receive such punishment as is due to so treasonable an action.”

“If we two met as plain Christian people, living under the Gospel,” said Pabo, “I would say the act was done under provocation; but it was an unworthy act, and I, who committed it, express my regret and ask for pardon of my brother Christian.”

“And I,” said the bishop, “as a Christian man and a prelate of the Holy Roman Church, do cheerfully give forgiveness. Yet inasmuch as it is unwise that—”

“I see,” said Pabo; “a forgiveness that is no forgiveness at all. The transgression must be wiped out in blood.”

“The Church never sheds blood,” said Bernard. “She hands over stubborn offenders to the secular arm. Here it comes—in at the door.”

The hand of Gerald of Windsor was thrust in, followed by the man himself.

“See here,” said Bernard, addressing the Baron and pointing to Pabo, “this is a man who sets himself up to be a leader among the rebellious Welsh, and is stirring up of hot blood and fomenting of intrigue.”

“Ay,” said Gerald, “I have tidings come this day that the beggars are rising everywhere. They have among them their Prince Griffith ap Rhys.”

“And here,” said the prelate, “is one of his agents. This man gives himself out to be a certain person whom he is not, and he has come among the people of Caio to bid them take up arms. But happily my brother Rogier is there.”

“What shall we do with him?” asked Gerald.

“Beau Sieur,” said the prelate, “with that I have naught to do. Sufficient that I place him—a dangerous fellow—in your hands. And mark you, a priest as well as an agitator, one to arouse the religious fanaticism of the people against the Church as well as against the Crown.”

“What shall be done with him? Cut off his head?”

“Nay, I pray shed no blood.”

“Shall we hang him?”

“I think,” said the bishop, after musing a moment, “that it would be well were he simply to disappear. Let him not be hung, so that, perchance, he might be recognised, but rather suffer him to be cast into one of the dungeons where none may ever cast eye on him till he be but bones, and there be forgot.”

CHAPTER XIX.

FORGOTTEN?

Pabo was hurried away, along a corridor, down a flight of steps, through the courtyard, and was thrust into a dungeon at the base of a tower on the east side of the castle. He had to descend into it by steps, and then the heavy oak door was shut and locked.

The floor was of the limestone rock, with some earth on it; the walls new, and smelling of mortar. One slit, far up, admitted a ray of light, and beneath the door was a space of as much as two finger-breadths between it and the stone sill. No preparations had been made for his reception. No straw or fern was littered for a bed, nor was a pitcher of water set for him, that he might quench his thirst. Pabo was hungry; he had partaken of nothing since he left Caio save a crust that had been given him at Llanwrda on his way. At Llandeilo the soldiers had purposely avoided the town, and they had halted nowhere on the way except at the place Llanwrda, where they had given him a portion of their breakfast.

Pabo supposed that he was to remain in confinement as long as suited the convenience of the bishop. He was far from fathoming the purpose of the prelate in endeavouring to cajole or frighten him into a denial of his own identity. Had he known the figure Bernard was endeavouring to cut at his expense, he would have laughed aloud and made his dungeon walls ring.

He cast himself in a corner against the wall, and waited, in the expectation of his jailer coming in before long with a truss of straw, some bread and water, and possibly chains for his hands or feet. But hours passed, and no one came.

From where he sat he could see feet go by his door, and it seemed to him that towards evening these were the feet of women.

No sentinel paced the court outside his doorway. He heard human voices occasionally, but could distinguish no words.

The evening closed in, and still none attended to him. Feeling in his pouch he found some dried corn from the hermit’s store. When wandering on the mountains he had been wont thus to provide himself, and happily there remained still some unconsumed. With this he filled his mouth.

He waited on as darkness settled in, so that he could but just distinguish his window and the gap below the door, and at length fell into a troubled sleep.

During the night he woke with the cold, and groped for the blankets he had been accustomed to draw over him in the cell on Mallaen, but here in the prison of Careg Cennen none were provided. He felt stiff and chilled in his bones with lying on the bare rock. He turned from side to side, but could find no relief.

Surely it was not the intention of Gerald of Windsor to detain him there without the modicum of comforts supplied to the worst of criminals. He had not offended the Norman

baron. If he were not Pabo, as the bishop insisted, why was he dealt with so harshly? He had not done anything to show that he was a fanner of rebellion. Against him not a particle of evidence could be adduced.

The thought that he carried with him the great secret of the hermit also troubled him. It is said that no witch can die till she has communicated her hidden knowledge to some sister.

It was to Pabo a thought insupportable that he was unable to impart the secret deposited with him to someone who could use the knowledge for the good of his oppressed countrymen.

Hitherto the attempts made by the Welsh to shake off their yoke had been doomed to failure, largely because of their inability to purchase weapons and stores that might furnish their levies and maintain them in the field. It was not that in the Cambrian Mountains there had been deficiency in resolution and lack of heroism; but it was the poverty of Wales that had stood no chance against the wealth of England.

For himself Pabo cared little, but he was deeply concerned that he had no means of conveying the secret that had been entrusted to him to those who could make good use of it.

He dozed off again in cold and hunger, and fell to dreaming that he had lit on an ingot of pure gold, so large and so weighty that he could not himself lift it; and opened his eyes to see a golden bar indeed before him, but it was one of sunlight, painted on the wall by the rising orb as it shone through the slit that served as window. He waited now with impatience, trusting that someone would come to him. Yet time passed and none arrived.

He moved to one of the steps, seated himself thereon, and looked at the light between the bottom of the door and the sill. Again he saw what he supposed to be women’s feet pass by, and presently, but after a long interval, return; and this time he knew that the feet belonged to a woman, for she stopped where he could see, set down an earthenware pitcher, and exchanged some words with a soldier, one of the garrison. He could see the pitcher nearly to the handle, but not the hand that set it down and raised it. Yet he distinguished the skirts of the dress and the tones of voice as those of a woman.

Presently he again heard a voice, that belonged to a female, and by the intonation was sure that what she spoke was in Welsh. She was calling and strewing crumbs, for some fell near his door. Immediately numerous pigeons arrived and pecked up what was cast for them. He could see their red legs and bobbing heads, and wished that some of the fragments might have been for him.

He had hardly formed the wish before a crust, larger than any given to the birds, fell against his door, and there was a rush of pigeons towards it. Pabo put forth two fingers through the opening, and drew the piece of bread within. He had hardly secured this, before another piece fell in the same place, and once more, in the same manner, he endeavoured to capture it. But unhappily it had rebounded just beyond his reach, and after vain efforts he would have had to relinquish it wholly to the pigeons had not feet rapidly approached and a hand been lowered that touched the crust and thrust it hastily under the door, and then pushed in another even larger.

After this the feet went away. But still the pigeons fluttered and pecked till they had consumed the last particle cast to them.

Pabo ate the pieces of bread ravenously.

He was not thirsty. The coolness and moisture of the prison prevented him from becoming parched. What he had received was not, indeed, much, but it was sufficient to take off the gnawing pain that had consumed his vitals.

Now for the first time he realised the force of the prelate’s words when he had bidden Gerald of Windsor to cast him—Pabo—into a dungeon, there to be forgotten. Forgotten he was to be, ignored as a human being immured in this subterranean den. He was to be left there, totally unattended and unprovided for. Of this he was now convinced, both because of the neglect he had undergone, and also because of the attempt made by some Welshwoman, unknown to him, surreptitiously to supply him with food. This she would not have done had she not been aware of the fate intended for him. He was to be left to die of cold and hunger and thirst, and was not to leave the prison save as a dwindled, emaciated wreck, with the life driven out of him by privation of all that is necessary for the support of life. He was now well assured of what was purposed, and also, and equally assured, that he had in the castle some friend who would employ all her feminine craft to deliver him from such a fate.

Slowly, tediously the day passed. Still, occasionally voices were audible, but no feet approached the dungeon doorway. Overhead there were chambers, but the prison was vaulted with stone, and even were any persons occupying an upper storey, they were not likely to be heard by one below.

It was, perhaps, fortunate that for some time on the mountain Pabo had led a very frugal life, and had contented himself with parched grain, or girdle-cakes of his own grinding and making. Yet to these had been added the milk of a goat, and for this he now craved. He thought of his poor Nanny bleating, distressed with her

milk; he thought of how she had welcomed him when he returned to the cell. Poor Nanny! What would he not now give for a draught of her sweet sustaining milk!

Another night passed, and again in the morning there ensued the feeding of the pigeons, and therewith a fall of crusts within his reach by the door.

During the day he heard a clatter of hoofs in the courtyard, and by seating himself on the lowest step in his vault, leaning one elbow on another, and bringing first eye and then ear near to the gap below the door, he saw and heard sufficient to lead him to suppose that the bishop was leaving Careg Cennen, to return to his own castle of Llawnhalen.

He could even distinguish his strident voice, and catch a few words uttered by him, as he turned his face towards the dungeon-door, and said: "My good friend Gerald—is, humph! the impostor forgotten?"

"Forgotten, as though he had never been," was the response, in the rough tones of the Norman Baron.

Then both laughed.

Pabo clenched his hands and teeth.

Presently, a clatter; and through the gateway passed the cavalcade. There was no drawbridge at Careg Cennen, for there was no moat, no water; but there was a portcullis, as well as stout oak-burred doors.

After the departure of the prelate, the castle fell back again into listlessness. No sounds reached the ear of Pabo, save the occasional footfall of one passing across the court with the leisurely pace of a person to whom time was of no value.

On this day the prisoner began to be distressed for water. The walls of his cell, being of pervious limestone, absorbed all moisture from the air, so that none condensed on it. In the morning he had swallowed the dry crusts with difficulty. He now felt that his lips were burning, and his tongue becoming dry. If food were brought him on the morrow, he doubted whether he would then be able to swallow it.

But relief came to him in a manner he had not expected. During the night rain fell, and he found that by crouching on the steps and putting his fingers beneath the door, he could catch the raindrops as they trickled down the oak plank, and convey the scanty supply by this means to his mouth. But with the first glimpse of dawn he saw a means of furnishing water that was more satisfactory. With his fingers he scraped a channel beneath the door to receive the falling drops, and then, by heaping the soil beyond this, forced the water as it ran down the door and dripped, to decant itself in a small stream over the sill. By this means he was able to catch sufficient to assuage the great agony of thirst.

He was thus engaged when suddenly a foot destroyed his contrivance, and next moment he heard a key turned in the lock.

He started from the steps on which he was lying, the door was thrown open, and before him stood a muffled female figure, against the grey early morning light, diffused through thick rain that filled the castle yard.

Without a word the woman signed to Pabo to follow. She made the gesture with impatience, and he obeyed without hesitation.

"Follow me!" she whispered in Welsh, and strode rapidly before him, and passed through a small doorway, a very few steps from the tower, yet in the south face of the castle. She beckoned imperiously to him to enter, then closed the door on him, went back and relocked that of the

dungeon. Next moment she was back through the small door. Pabo found himself in a narrow passage that, as far as he could judge, descended by steps.

The woman bolted the door behind.

The place was dark, but she led on.

The way descended by steps, then led along a narrow passage, with rock on one side and wall on the other, till she reached a great natural vault—a cave opening into the heart of the crag on which the castle was built. And here the passage terminated in a wooden stair that descended into darkness, only illumined by one point of red light.

Still she descended, and Pabo followed.

Presently she was at the bottom, and now he saw in a

ECCELESIASTICAL NOTES.

The accounts published by the *Record* of Holy Mass and the Blessing and Imposition of Ashes at St. Clement's, City Road, have been brought to the notice of the Bishop of London. It is stated by the secretary of the East London Church Fund that the Vicar has undertaken to obey the Bishop, and discontinue the Asperges, and that he has laid before the Bishop particulars of all his additional services, stating that he is prepared to give up any service which his Lordship may prohibit. The East London Church Fund makes grants to the parish, and the secretary says that the fund would not continue to support any parish where, in defiance of the Bishop's wishes and in disregard of instructions received straight from him, forbidden practices were still persevered in. The *Record* is not satisfied, however. It says that in St. Clement's the communion office was superseded on Quinquagesima Sunday by a private blend of the Missal and the Prayer Book, in which the influence of the Missal was more prominent. It states, further, that the monthly Mass for the Dead is continued at St. Mary's, Munster Square, although, in deference to the Bishop's susceptibilities, the word Mass is dropped, the character of the service remaining the same.

The Hampton Lectures this year are on the interesting subject of Christian Mysticism, and are delivered by the Rev. W. R. Inge, of Hertford College. There is no English book on Mysticism with any pretensions to completeness save Vaughan's "Hours with the Mystics," and the time has more than come for a work that should supersede it.

Canon MacCormick, the well-known Evangelical leader, was in his younger days one of the first athletes of his time. He was captain of the Cambridge Eleven, rowed in his 'Varsity boat, was an expert boxer, and took up no form of athletics without winning distinction. He has been giving some of his reminiscences in the *Yorkshire Evening Post*.

A new theological quarterly, under the auspices of the Oxford and Cambridge Professors of Divinity, will be commenced next October. The review will be a publication for scholars, and will give texts and documents, notices and summaries of current literature, and discussions of points of detail. Mr. C. H. Turner, of Magdalene, will be the editor, and Dr. Barnes, of Peterhouse, the assistant-editor. It remains to be seen whether Nonconformists will be accepted as contributors.

The Rev. Talbot Greaves, who died from the result of an accident at the age of seventy-two, was a strong Evangelical. He was a man of considerable means, and purchased the advowson of Holy Trinity, Torquay, and two other livings in that town. He was specially well known for his addresses at the Clifton Conference.

The sermons and prayers of Dr. Parker are now being published in a sixpenny monthly by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton. Dr. Parker is preparing a new and important work on the Bible.

The Bishop of London says that he has not been in such good health for many years as he is now. He attributes this largely to the fact that his palace at Fulham is on gravel soil, whereas his residences at Peterborough, Worcester, and Northumberland were all on clay.



Without a word the woman signed to Pabo to follow.

hollow of the rock on one side a little lamp burning with a lurid flame.

She struck off the glowing snuff, and it sent up a bright spire of light.

"Forgotten," said she, turning to Pabo, and throwing back her hood. "Forgotten! Nay, Nest will never forget one of her own people—never."

(To be continued.)

NOTE.

It is particularly requested that all SKETCHES and PHOTOGRAPHS sent to THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, especially those from Abroad, be Marked on the Back with the Name and Address of the Sender, as well as with the Title of the Subject. All Sketches and Photographs used will be paid for.



THE FUNERAL OF PRESIDENT FAURE: THE PROCESSION PASSING THE PLACE DE LA RÉPUBLIQUE.



AN ERRAND OF CONSOLATION.

On the Continent it is no uncommon sight to see the priest, attended by his acolyte, hurrying to administer the last sacraments to the dying. The acolyte carries a bell to warn passers-by of the approach of the sacred wafer.

The Marquis St. Evremonte.

De-farge, Done to Death for Revenging his Sister's Dishonour, Curses his Murderer the Marquis St. Evremonte.



St. Evremonte's son, who had escaped to England as "Mr. Darnay," has been induced to come back to Paris, where he is tried by the Revolutionary Tribunal. His sweetheart, Lucie Manette, sinks on her knees in terror on hearing him condemned.

"THE ONLY WAY; OR, A TALE OF TWO CITIES," AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE.

Drawn by H. C. Seppings Wright.

EVENTS OF THE DAY.

A new order of Knighthood—the reward of works of charity—has been lately under discussion, especially in connection with the Prince of Wales's Hospital Fund. There were Knights Hospitallers of old; and, in a rather new guise, they might very well reappear in modern life. Knighthoods are the reward of all sorts and conditions of men and deeds—from the man who displays valour on the field to the civic functionary who reads an address to royalty on the opening of a new town hall. This wide range of qualification might well include men who devote their time or their money to the service of the poor and the suffering. The soldiers who were wounded in the Crusades have their counterparts to-day in the great company of men and women who fall out of the ranks of the workers, struck down by accident or attacked by diseases incidental to the nature of their toil. The benefactor who comes forward to save from death and disease these martyrs of modern industry, many of them the victims of trades that minister to the mere luxuries and elegances of their more fortunate fellows, must rank highly in the annals of philanthropy; they already are knightly in deed, and nobody will grudge to them the satisfaction—if such they esteem it—of being also knightly in name.



BLACK FURY, WINNER OF THE WATERLOO CUP.

subsequent offence, and in default of payment, imprisonment. There is, however, a ready sale for the poteen at fifteen shillings per gallon.

Black Fury, which won the Waterloo Cup on Feb. 24, is a second season dog. He ran last year for the Cup, but was put out in the second round by Lord Masham's Little Blowhard. This year he won the Bristol Stakes handsomely, and was bought by his present owner, Mr. Rogers, for ninety guineas. Black Fury is a finely moulded South-country greyhound, and has after many years brought back the highest honours to this class of dog. His win was faultless and popular. Frank Hall, of Hendon, was his trainer.

Apropos of Mr. Balfour's London Government Bill, the Scriptural advice, "Go to the ant," has been adopted with variations (and of course one important reservation) by Mr. John Leighton, F.S.A., who has gone to the bee for a plan to equalise the area of the proposed municipalities. His honeycomb scheme is at least ingenious, but, manifestly, it does not solve every difficulty. Mr. Leighton's plans, coloured as the diagram indicates, are now on view at the Royal Institution.

Lord and Lady Tennyson have said their last good-byes at Windsor on their departure to South Australia. Few and far between were the meetings between her Majesty and her late Poet Laureate—only about four in all. That number has



THE UNIFICATION OF LONDON: A PROPOSAL FOR DEFINING AND EQUALISING THE NEW MUNICIPAL AREAS.



The exciting, if scarcely moral, industry of surreptitious distillation lingers on among the mountains of some parts of Ireland. Our illustration represents such a still at work. Owing to the activity of the Royal Irish Constabulary, this was the only one left in the locality, and, a correspondent informs us, it has now been seized. The poteen is made from sugar, and would not be acceptable to a connoisseur, but by the natives it is preferred to the whisky of the public-houses, which is not surprising to those who know what the latter is in most cases. It is in a small way a profitable business. The utensils, except the worm, cost but little; sugar is cheap. Of course, there is the risk of capture, which entails the loss of plant, and, if the smugglers themselves are caught, a fine of £6 each for a first offence, rising £1 for each



AN ILLICIT STILL IN IRELAND.

now been far exceeded in the case of the son, to whom it must have been a peculiar satisfaction on Saturday to add to his inherited honours the K.C.M.G. Lord Tennyson has hitherto been appreciated mostly as his father's son. In the new sphere of activity opened to him, the order may very easily be reversed, and the poet be identified by non-literary South Australians as the father of their Governor.

It is only fair that the national enthusiasm for the Army should find expression in the proposals of a War Office committee to establish for the sick soldier a number of Convalescent Homes. There are already such homes at Scarborough and at Aberdeen, and these are to be enlarged, while new ones are to be inaugurated at Shorncliffe, and at Sandown in the Isle of Wight.

THE STONE MONUMENTS OF CARNAC, IN BRITTANY.

On the south coast of Brittany, in the department of the Morbihan, lies a district which contains some of the largest and most remarkable Celtic or Turanian monuments in existence. The whole country for an area of several square miles is thickly scattered over with dolmens, tumuli, and monoliths, presenting a most weird and impressive sight. In the neighbourhood of Carnac the menhirs are formed into ten or eleven long parallel lines or "alignments," and from the centre the effect is that of a forest of upright stones. Many of the blocks are of great size, some being nearly twenty feet in height and weighing from forty to fifty tons. Originally the stones must have numbered several thousands, but many were removed by the peasants for building purposes before the State undertook their preservation. The alignments extend for about two miles in an easterly and westerly direction, and are divided by intervening spaces into three groups, the Breton names of which are *Le Menee* (the Place of Remembrance), *Kermario* (the Place of the Dead), and *Kerlesant* (the Place of Burning). Excavations have been made beneath many of the stones, and ashes, flint flakes, and fragments of rude pottery have been brought to light, but no trace of human bones. The exact purpose for which these remarkable monuments were erected is lost in obscurity; but the explanation most generally accepted is that of the late Mr. J. Miln, who considered that the alignments had a sepulchral origin. This view is, to a certain extent, supported by the grim significance of the names the groups of menhirs now bear, which may have been handed down by tradition through many generations.

We also give an illustration of the *Table des Marchands*, one of the most beautiful and most perfect dolmens in France. The roof is formed of a large symmetrically shaped stone, which rests upon three points, a smaller stone behind it forming a kind of porch. The surface of the ground outside comes about half-way up the supports, but in the interior the earth has been cleared away, so that the bases of the stones can be seen. The stone at the end is triangular, and on it is carved a large figure in the form of an inverted shield filled in with a decorative design. On the under surface of the capstone is a large representation of a stone hatchet. Beneath the floor stone axes and fragments of human bones were disinterred.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

I hope my readers will peruse the article on the prevention of consumption by Dr. J. S. Coghill, which

that in about three months and a half he was cured by the Nordrach treatment. If this statement is to be credited (and I do not doubt Mr. Gibson's good faith in the least) I can only say that such a rapid cure of acute consumption must remain unparalleled in the annals of medicine. Dr. Coghill comments on Mr. Gibson's case, and gives very clear reasons for doubting the inferences regarding his state of health, which that gentleman has recorded in the pages of the *Nineteenth Century*. It is remarked by Dr. Coghill that "Mr. Gibson's experience at Nordrach would

the overfeeding practised at Nordrach are not looked upon with favour at Davos. Forced feeding is an entirely unnecessary proceeding in the treatment of consumption. Surely, the patient's digestive system is less able to stand a strain which would severely tax the digestion of a healthy individual, and while gain in weight is a *sine qua non* for successful treatment, such increase can be effected without the, to my mind, somewhat gross procedure of stuffing patients which appears to be in vogue at Nordrach, if all accounts be true.

It is necessary that the public should be led to distinguish between what I may call the rational treatment of consumption and that which represents the special and faddist ideas of certain practitioners. We want open-air treatment in a pure atmosphere, judicious nourishment, rest, and medical supervision over all. I have detailed in this column the treatment practised at the Basle Sanatorium at Davos, where the results are gratifying enough, and such treatment differs widely from the Nordrach system of overfeeding, and of exposing the patient (*vide* Mr. Gibson's experiences) to risks of cold and chill, which in this country at least would qualify many a man for the grave. There is one point in Dr. Coghill's article which deserves attention, and it is a point, moreover, which merits more special mention than is usually bestowed upon it. He refers to the fact that consumption is a curable disease, and that Nature tends to aid the cure in her own way in many cases. For example, it is a common experience of physicians to find, on examining the lungs after death, that in from one-third to one-fourth of all adults dying after the age of forty years there is evidence of the spontaneous cure of this disease. What happens in the lungs is, that the parts affected by the tubercular disease heal up and leave well-marked scars to indicate the nature of the healing process; and Dr. Coghill mentions the fact that the examination of the body of the late Emperor of Russia, who died of a different disease, showed a scar at the apex or top of the right lung, indicating a healed and naturally cured case of phthisis. This disease "had run its course unrecognised from the first stage to the last."

That the same result occurs in very many other cases is evident from the results of post-mortem examination; and therefore, with Nature on our side, the case for the cure of consumption by the open-air treatment, by fostering the vital powers, by careful attention to diet and nutrition, and by supervision of every detail of life which can aid in the building up of the frame, becomes a very strong one. The high value of Dr. Coghill's paper, to which I have referred, consists in his able summary of the precautions of personal and public nature which are to be observed with a view to the prevention of the disease.

I have heard many comments made on the experiences at Nordrach chronicled by Mr. Gibson. When one reads of a consumptive patient allowed to leave off a greatcoat (in winter) and to neglect the use of an umbrella, and when one hears of him getting wet to the skin twice a day, and sitting in his wet clothes till they dry, one can only suppose that there is something in such a statement very far at variance with the experiences of healthy people at home. Dr. Coghill's idea of the matter is that Mr. Gibson at Nordrach was not only equal to the strain of forced diet—they overfed the patients there to an extent which is surprising—but that he returned "exactly in the



STANDING STONES AT CARNAC, SOUTH BRITTANY: "THE PLACE OF REMEMBRANCE."



STANDING STONES NEAR CARNAC.



"TABLE DES MARCHANDS," SOUTH BRITTANY.

Photographs by Z. le Roux, Carnac.

appears in the *Nineteenth Century* for the current month. I have not met with a more sensible or well-timed paper on this prominent topic, and as Dr. Coghill writes with the knowledge of an expert, his remarks are all the more deserving of consideration. In the same magazine for January there appeared a paper by a Mr. Gibson on the treatment for consumption practised at Nordrach. When I read Mr. Gibson's article, I confess I was more than astonished at the results he therein detailed. As regards his own case, one, apparently, of acute phthisis, he says

condition of an athlete in training." If we adopt Dr. Coghill's view, then it is very evident we cannot regard Mr. Gibson in the light of a weak consumptive patient, and as Dr. Coghill says, why, considering the special features of the Nordrach treatment, "should it be necessary to go to Nordrach, or from one's home at all?" Echo answers "Why?" I know something of the treatment for consumption which is practised at Davos Platz, which to my mind is a far more ideal resort than Nordrach. I know that the wetting and the drying, and

I shall not reiterate here the precautions in question, since most of my readers will be already familiar with them.

It is matter for congratulation that municipal authorities are taking steps to disseminate information of this nature among the people under their control, and now that the crusade against consumption has fairly been commenced, we may hope that results of a very tangible kind in the diminution of the death-rate from this preventable source will shortly be apparent in our midst.

THE RECENT BLIZZARD IN AMERICA: SCENES IN PHILADELPHIA.

Photographs supplied by Mr. Paul Yarnam.



BROAD AND CHESTNUT STREETS.



BROAD STREET LOOKING SOUTH FROM UNION LEAGUE.



SCENE IN BROAD STREET.



THIRTEENTH AND LOCUST STREETS.



SNOW-PLOUGH STUCK FAST IN FRONT OF WANAMAKER'S.



SNOW-PLOUGH AT FIFTEENTH AND CHESTNUT STREETS.



HER MAJESTY'S DRAWING-ROOM AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE: WAITING IN THE CORRIDOR.

Drawn by Hol. Hunt, R.E.A.

LITERATURE.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

Historical Geography of the Clans of Scotland. By T. B. Johnston and Colonel James A. Robertson. Third Edition. Edited by W. K. Dickson. (Edinburgh: Johnston.)

The Pilgrim's Progress. (C. A. Pearson.)

The Young Princess Fairy Book. By Cussell Contes. (Elliot Stock.)

Rabbi Sanderson. By Ian Maclaren. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

The Echo Maid. By Alicia Aspinwall. (John F. Shaw.)

Ricciotti of Withens. By Halliwell Sutcliffe. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

England and Yesterday. By Louise Imogen Guiney. (Richards.)

It is seven-and-twenty years since Mr. T. B. Johnston, the famous geographer, and Colonel J. A. Robertson, a learned Gaelic scholar, gave their "Historical Geography of the Clans of Scotland" to the world. It is now in its third edition, and has been corrected and expanded by Mr. W. K. Dickson, so that it has become indispensable to the student. The map of Scotland, showing the territory of the different clans in colours, is exceedingly useful, while the letterpress contains all the essential facts of the suppression of the Jacobites, from the famous report of General Wade in 1724, in which he declared that the Highlanders, "victims of Virtue and Vice, are very different from the more civilised part of Mankind"—down to a bibliography of the leading books on the subject. The harsh Disarming Act of 1746 is printed at length, and the sketches of Montrose's campaign, the '15 and the '45, are excellently done. Plans of battles and portraits of the great leaders give the book an additional value.

Three brothers—Mr. G. F. Mr. F., and Mr. Louis Rheud—have made over one hundred and twenty designs for Messrs. Pearson's large and handsome edition of "The Pilgrim's Progress." The actual illustrations are very pleasing; the page decorations strike us as being fussy and ineffective. Mr. Haweis writes the inevitable but rather superfluous introduction. This edition should be a favourite one with children, from the size of its page, its clear type, and its abundance of pictures.

There is no lack of fairies in "The Young Princess Fairy Book," but they are fairies in the pay of nurses and governesses and all the disciplinary powers that be. They have no fine, glorious, useless existence of their own; their kingdoms are reformatories for recalcitrant little boys and girls. Fairyland, at that rate, loses all its glamour; and children will feel it is degraded. Mr. Contes, though so persistent a moralist, has a story-telling gift, and his illustrations are very good. But the dowdiness of the cover discourages one from examining the contents and, of course, from profiting by the morals.

In his sketch of Rabbi Sanderson, the unworldly scholar and divine, Ian Maclaren has triumphed. In Sanderson meet the ludicrous and the sublime, and the result is pathetic beyond any words save just those his biographer has used to tell his tale. Never has the Scottish story-teller's humour been more genuine or gentler, and never has his sentiment been so little strained. The charming national study has been issued in a pretty gift-book shape, with illustrations by Mr. A. S. Boyd.

Scotland, Cornwall, Germany, and America are severally the scenes of these stories for children contained in "The Echo Maid," in which fairies of different orders play a great part, but where the human interest is, nevertheless, very strong. The knack of the good old serious fairy tale is gone for ever. Now and again a success is scored in fairy comedy or farce. But Miss Aspinwall is mostly serious, and so has not even the modern chance of excelling. She is, however, so pleasant, sensible, and straightforward in her manner that she will be read willingly in nurseries, we are sure, though maybe not re-read as are the real fairy books. The illustrations are as good as the text.

"Ricciotti of Withens" is a thrilling tale of '45 in England. One is apt to forget how Prince Charlie sent a thrill through the stolid, stolid half of Great Britain; and Mr. Sutcliffe reminds us of the fact in an exciting and a very attractive tale, which has the spirit of true romance in it. Indeed, it hardly needed the Prince's march to Derby to lend it incident and interest. The ordinary run of affairs in the wild moor-country round Ling Crag was enough out of the common run to startle a reader into attention. The local strife between the Carless tribe and their neighbours seems to us the best thing in the book. If the writer had limited himself to that, he would have made the wild, barbaric, tragic Carless more real to us. As it is, they are fascinating and incredible. But the Jacobite portion by itself is excellently managed. Charlie is presented mostly in his gallant, genial moods; yet there is a serious and successful attempt at more general and more complex portraiture of him. His part of the story does not hang on very surely to the rest. But if the book be confused as a whole, its detail bears examination, and the moors and the moor-men are handled by one who understands them, and can suggest to us their dark and stormy and magnificent possibilities.

If the eye of the American tourist were not on us, we should often find substantial reasons for clearing away a minster, or any of the other expensive obstructions bequeathed us by our fathers, than we actually do. Our sentiment and veneration are mostly exhausted by the care we have to take of Italian monuments. The Americans are our antiquarian police. From them we actually learn of our possessions; we are stirred to discover something of our own picturesque history by their persevering curiosity and toilsome admiration. And from Washington Irving and Hawthorne onwards their writers have given us words in which to praise our own land. Very charming homage to the beauty of our country and to the stimulus of our historic relics is to be found in Miss Louise Imogen Guiney's book of short poems, "England and Yesterday," consisting of sonnets written in London and Oxford in recent years, and lyrics mainly inspired by English legend and landscape and literature. Miss Guiney has a fine eye

and a fine ear, and not an ear for rhythm only. Hear her record of "Undertones at Magdalen"—

Fair are the finer creature-sounds; of these
Is Magdalen full: her bees, the while they drop
Sassurant in the garth from weeds atop;
And round the priestless Pulpit; auguries
Of wrens in council from a hundred leas;
And Cherwell fish in laughter fail to stop
The water-plantain's way; and deer that crop
Delicious herbage under choral trees.
The cry for silver and gold in Christendom
Without, threatens not her silence and her dark.

She has a true lyric note for gay or for sad

Stars slip in heaven,
They wander, they break:
But under the yew-tree
Not one heartache
And ours—what failure
Renewed and avowed!
But, ah! the long-buried
Is real, and is proud.

Yet in spite of our gratitude to her for her love of our old ways, we may make one protest. In her lines written "In a Perpendicular Church," she says—

England of old most innocent, whose flower of skill
Achieved
Failed quick as Lammis lilies, when thy hand no more
Believed,
What hast thou here, beloved but dead, held to thy
Childish heart?

Alas! thy human all of heaven: thine own and only Art.

This from a poet, too! We have something even in pictorial art to rival our Perpendicular, and outside that we can hold our heads still higher. And perhaps English picturesqueness has distorted her vision of modern things somewhat. Here is the sensational contrast she draws between the labour war in America and among us—

What ails thee, England? Altar, mart, and grange
Dream of the knife by night; not so, not so,
The clear Republic waits the general throes,
Along her noonday mountains' open range.

Is the struggle here more furtive, more treacherous than across the Atlantic? Is the great contest even more imminent, more dangerous?

A LITERARY LETTER.

LONDON, MARCH 2, 1899.

The note of the day is assuredly the revived interest in Dickens. That Dickens is more read now than at any time since he began to write goes without saying. There has been, however, a period of some fifteen years during which he has been dispraised by a large number of "superior persons." I am just old enough to remember as a boy the announcement of the death of Dickens, and the catastrophe made us children very miserable. In common with thousands, I mourned the loss of a personal friend. I have gone through all the ecstasy of Dickens-worship since then. I was in the very thick of it at the time, for I had not read half of the great writer's books when he died. The world of that day, I think, shared this enthusiasm with scarcely a dissentient voice: we small boys were not more proud of Dickens than our parents were. But those were by no means literary circles in which I mingled, and it may be that then—as long afterwards—there were a number of highly cultivated and well-read persons who thought Dickens vulgar, who called him a Cockney novelist, who declared that his pathos was maudlin and his humour extravagant.

Certainly I have met many such people of late years. I can recall the conversation of one brilliant maker of epigrams. "My dear boy," he said, with an air that settled the matter, "Dickens is the novelist of the vulgar. Thackeray, now, is what I call a great novelist." I suppose if you were to poll the literary critics who are now about fifty years of age or so, you would find that nine out of ten of them agree with my "superior" friend. Even George Eliot, I remember, in one of her essays said that Dickens would be quite unintelligible to another generation. That was before she had begun to write novels. Another generation has seen Dickens avenged. The middle-aged gentleman of to-day may still find Dickens vulgar, but the youth of the country is reading him as zealously as they read him in the 'sixties and the 'seventies. And not merely the youth that owes its education to Mr. Forster's Act—the youth that, no doubt, has given Dickens an enormous additional sale of late—but the youth of Oxford, the best and brightest intelligence of Young England, has lately joined the ranks of Dickens-worshippers.

Among the many pleasant surprises that I have noted in connection with this revival of Dickens interest among literary people, I call to mind two most brilliant articles by Mrs. Wilfrid Meynell in recent issues of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. These articles—a defence of Dickens's style—coming from one who, with all her gifts, can scarcely be said to command any distinctly popular audience in the way that Dickens did, are in themselves significant. Then, I understand that Mr. Henley and Mr. Henley's young men—an influential circle—are on the side of Dickens; and, altogether, I should say that Dickens's position as an English classic is now more assured than that of any other prose writer of this century, with the single exception of Sir Walter Scott.

In this connection I note the appearance of two more of Dickens's works in Mr. Dent's pretty series, the "Temple Library." These are "Nicholas Nickleby" and "Sketches by Boz." They have dainty title-pages and frontispieces in colour, and bibliographical introductions by Mr. Walter Jerrold, the grandson of Dickens's old friend Douglas Jerrold. They are, as are all the "Temple Library," very nicely printed. Be sure you buy them in the leather binding: it is so much more attractive than the cloth. Meanwhile, I await with considerable interest the "Rochester" edition of Dickens, that is to be published by Messrs. Methuen, with introductions by George Gissing and illustrations by Mr. New. The most handsome monument to Dickens that has

been raised of late is Mr. Kitton's book on Dickens's Illustrators, that Mr. George Redway has published in a noble quarto. It is an entertaining record of the career of Cruikshank, Bliss, Seymour, and the other Dickens artists, beautifully illustrated.

Mr. Downey's edition of Lever's novels, although announced to be in thirty-seven volumes, will now not be completed under forty. The thirty-sixth volume is to contain "St. Patrick's Eve" and "Nuts and Nutcrackers," and is to be followed by "Lord Kilgobbin." The thirty-eighth volume will be the new and hitherto unpublished novel "Gerald FitzGerald," concerning which so much has been said. That will be followed by "Cornelius O'Dowd," and the fortieth volume will contain a Life. It is not yet certain whether Mr. Downey will decide on republishing the Life by W. J. Fitzpatrick, which is in his possession, but which would want a very substantial amount of editing to give it completeness. Some of Mr. Downey's friends are anxious that he should rewrite the Life of Lever, a task for which he has many qualifications. Whether he decides to do this or not will depend upon the amount of material that comes into his hands. He has already received from different quarters a number of Lever letters. I am asked to say that any Lever letters or documents of any character that might be addressed to Mr. Edmund Downey, care of Downey and Co., York Street, Covent Garden, would be taken care of, and promptly returned.

What is going to be the most widely selling book of the year 1899? Doubtless, the one entitled "In His Steps," by Charles M. Sheldon. It is said that two million copies of the book have been sold in America, and as it is not a copyright work, thirteen publishers, we are told, have issued the book in England. The best-printed edition that I have seen is that by Ward and Lock at half-a-crown. Mr. James Bowden, however, sells a copy at a penny, which is rather a trial to old eyes, but is certainly a marvel of cheapness considering that there are some 70,000 words in the story. Some 200,000 copies of this edition, I believe, have already been sold.

The secret of the success of "In His Steps" is not hard to discover. The story is on the lines of Mrs. Lynn Linton's "Joshua Davidson." It is, however, written by one with a wider business experience. The attempt, therefore, to fix the precise effect of struggling after ideals of Christian perfection in the commercial life of to-day contains a more popular note. A preacher in the town of Raymond, U.S.A.—the name Raymond seems to have a persistency in fiction just now—arrives at the conclusion that his congregation is not living in the spirit of Christ, a conclusion at which ministers, no doubt, frequently arrive in England as well as in the United States. He persuades some of the wealthier members of the church to endeavour to live for a whole year more in this spirit. The result produces something of a dilemma for many people concerned. The editor-proprietor of the principal newspaper in Raymond, for example, abandons his Sunday edition and his racing news. The merchant shares his profits with his employees—but the sequel must now be in the hands of everyone whom the story will interest. The book is not literature, and I do not think that it would be difficult to prove that some of it is actually immoral; but all these freaks of religious fervour require to be taken note of.

The announcement by the *Athenæum* of two Lives of Danton reminds one with something of a start that, although Danton rightly boasted that his name would dwell in the Pantheon of history, he has never had a biography to himself in this country. It is a curious coincidence that two Lives by capable students should be projected at the same moment. Mr. Hilaire Belloc is to publish one, through James Nisbet; and Mr. A. H. Beesly is to give us another through the Longmans. We all recall Mr. John Morley's fine essay, as well as his brief biography in the "Encyclopædia Britannica." There are, of course, many Lives in the French language, the two most notable being those of M. Alfred Bougeart and Dr. Robinet.

Previous issues of "The Literary Year-Book," published by Mr. George Allen, have not commended themselves to me. I have held—whether rightly or wrongly—that any annual publication of this kind should be a record of fact rather than of opinion, and that there were sufficient facts always in demand by authors, journalists, and those interested in these professions to justify a book of this character, if properly done. "The Literary Year-Book" for 1899 seems to me to be fairly well done. Mr. Joseph Jacobs, the editor, whose many literary achievements should have been a guarantee for a more effective book than has hitherto been produced, has with "The Literary Year-Book and Bookman's Directory for 1899" made a step in the right direction. We have the libraries of England, the literary clubs and institutions—where, it may be stated, two most prosperous clubs, the Johnson and the Omar Khayyâm, are not mentioned—a directory of publishers, a directory of authors, and a mass of other facts for ready reference. Even where Mr. Jacobs has gone counter to my theory by furnishing an article on the literature for the year 1898 and brief biographies of some dozen authors who published books in that year, he has been so brief and to the point that it is impossible to quarrel with him. There are, it is true, nearly a hundred trivial errors, but most of them are due to an incompetent "reader." That unfortunate "reader" is always there to be blamed. Mrs. "Humphrey" Ward is inexcusable! As matters of fact entirely unimportant, I may mention that Mr. Spurgeon did not publish his Reminiscences during his lifetime; and that, so far from Mr. Stopford Brooke having "revised and enlarged" his "History of Anglo-Saxon Poetry," he tells us in his "English Literature from the Beginning to the Norman Conquest" that the earlier book was too long for students in schools, and that he "has therefore shortened the period, to the time of Alfred." "The Literary Year-Book" is now, however, the best book of its kind published; it is a book which writers and would-be writers will find a constant help.

C. K. S.

THE COMMERCIAL CENTRE OF CHINA: SCENES ON THE YANGTSE RIVER NEAR HANKOW.

From Photographs by Mr. Harry C. Smart, Hong-Kong.



LOADING A SHIP WITH TEA AT HANKOW.



ON THE BANKS OF THE YANGTSE NEAR HANKOW: A CHINESE THEATRICAL PERFORMANCE.



Roper.

BY RAIL TO KLONDIKE.—WINTER NEAR THE SUMMIT OF THE WHITE PASS LOOKING TOWARDS SKAGWAY: THE OLD TRAIL AND THE NEW RAILWAY.

Our illustration was taken in early winter from near the summit of White Pass looking back towards Skagway and the sea. It shows the present trail, a sleigh track, twining along the valley bottom, with the new Yukon and White Pass Railway above.



STUDIES FROM LIFE AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS: No. X.—MOOSE, FATHER AND CHILD.

By LASCELLES AND CO., 13, FITZROY STREET.

Stilted and uncouth in appearance, the moose, or elk, as it is called in Europe (but not in America, where the wapiti goes by that name), enjoys the distinction of being the largest living representative of the deer tribe. a full-grown stag standing from 5 ft. 9 in. to 6½ ft. at the shoulder.

LADIES' PAGE.

DRESS.

Allow me to draw your attention, dear Madam, to the desirability of providing for yourself forthwith an abundance of pretty ties and frills and furbelows for the neck. The lightening and brightening effect of such adjuncts is wonderful. The treacherous climate of our beloved land is at its worst in the early spring; for the sun shines so brightly and warmly as to delude us into the supposition that the cold is over and gone, but when we go forth in our new tailor-made gowns, of appropriately light-weight cloth for the warmer weather, behold! the east wind, the treacherous foe, lies in wait at a corner and cuts through to the lungs most dangerously. Moral: Do not go out for the next month or more in thin clothing and without wraps, but greet the reviving sunshine with some less perilous observance.

Real lace, in the shape of a long tie, is a worthy purchase, for its value is not evanescent; and whether lace is used made up into a permanent bow, or in the form of a scarf to tie, it is graceful and becoming; but dainty confections of chiffon, tulle, or net, trimmed with good imitation lace, are also a pleasing though perishable finish to the costume. There is considered to be no incongruity in wedding these airy fabrics to the sterner ones, and wearing them with tweed or cloth or serge coats, just as fur has been all the winter finished off in this manner. The material employed for making "stocks" and other ties fashionable at the moment is not, however, necessarily of this perishable order. Ribbons in all sorts of fancy designs, spots especially, or plain and bedrilled with chenille, tiny gathered ribbons worked on in patterns, etc., are very popular; so are lawn and cambric.

Braiding has become so common on the cheap costumes turned out by the hundred in Germany and Austria that the best London tailors with one consent are preferring strappings, and other forms of stichery that must be done on the particular garment itself, and cannot be applied to a "ready-made" at random, as quite elaborate-looking patterns are in braiding. Straps of the same material as the dress itself stitched on, whether with "self" or different coloured silk stitchings, have a distinction of their own in their quiet simplicity. The latest novelty in this way

forming a sharp point just under each ear, sloping down thence to both front and back, and hooking at the back under a falling tab; all round this collar will run rows upon rows of stitching, about as close together as the breadth of the finger-nail, and following the curve of the top of the band; the collar is entirely covered with the rows of work. A clever maid with a good strong machine can make several of these in colours to suit the different costumes at small expense, and whether for in or outdoor wear, they will be found a great addition to a gown, and decidedly the latest "cry." The light hand needed for running up a perfect confection of the more fragile order cannot be always found in private life, but the velvet needs no such special ability.

Boleros are still much used in the new designs from Paris. These little short jackets may serve either for trimming on a bodice or, in warmer weather, will supply the place of a mantle. They may compose part of a dressy indoor gown, or may complete a simple morning toilette, or may be the means of trimming most effectively a ball costume. They may be finished in a dozen different fashions, and given many diverse aspects, but are generally becoming to the figure, and smart. The essential features of a bolero, of course, are that it is cut off *somewhere* above the waist-line, though it may be either a mere trimming round the bust or may be down to the waist; and that it shall only partially fit, for though it must define the figure it must not appear to be an integral portion of the bodice. This does not imply that it may not, in fact, be joined to the rest of the bodice—quite the contrary; if it is to fit well it must belong to and be part of the blouse-fronted bodice over which it is placed. When used as a mantelet, of course, it can slip off and on, but this is not desirable, for only the perfection of cut makes such a little jacket sit satisfactorily if loose. But as a decoration, with a vest between its edges, it is effective.

For a useful, handsome, and long-suffering tailor costume, commend me to a genuine Irish homespun. The material sold under this name is not always what it professes to be, but it is easy to obtain the real thing by sending to Messrs. Hamilton and Co., the White House, Portrush, Ireland, for their patterns and their interesting little booklet on the subject. There you will read what efforts they have made to develop the industry by supplying the peasants with better looms, helping them to get the colours and mixtures that are in fashion, and perfecting the finish of the material. Homespun is genuinely what it calls itself—that is, material spun in the homes of the peasants by hand, and entirely of pure wool, and dyed in colours prepared from vegetable dyes, and therefore not given to fade. Dealing direct with Messrs. Hamilton as the only "middle men" between the actual spinners and the wearers, a large saving of cost will be found to be effected. It is an addition to the interest of the booklet to learn that Messrs. Hamilton keep efficient tailors, and will undertake to make either men's suits or ladies' costumes to order for prices that are really incredibly moderate for genuine homespuns.

Such an important adjunct to the toilette is the jewellery that in some situations is indispensable, and in all at the present day admissible and advantageous (for the theory that diamonds must be worn only in grand toilette is no creed of the moment), that it is quite deplorable to hear that the price of those sparkling and most beautiful stones, the gems that every woman loves best, is going up greatly. The tendency of diamonds to get dearer is not likely, either, to be checked for some time, if ever, and so no better investment can be found for any spare cash than this pleasant one. The Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, of 112, Regent Street, I understand, anticipated this rise, and promptly purchased very largely for cash, so that they are now supplying their high-class diamond ornaments at the same price as before the advance. This is entirely in accordance with the successful policy of the company, which has been to give the purchaser always every possible advantage. The company have a most magnificent stock of loose gems, while their ornaments are made of the most beautiful design; and as in addition to this they supply the public direct, being themselves the manufacturers, and thus saving purchasers all intermediate profits, their prices will be found to be as tempting as the beautiful stones themselves.

A polonaise of the moment is shown in the first of our illustrations: it is of cloth, very plainly outlined by bands of an appliqué design in velvet. The skirt and vest are of light poplin, and the undersleeves to match, while the inevitable lace vest is not missing. The other dress is in dark cloth, made all in one material, with a tunic coming to a peplum point, outlined with bands of passementerie; the yoke is lawn trimmed with lace insertion, and the skirt is decorated in an original manner with rows of piping.

NOTES.

Every token of increasing care for the comfort of ladies travelling alone on the part of the railway companies is to be welcomed. The Midland Company has initiated more than one such laudable new departure, and now increases its claim to our gratitude by announcing that the system of "ladies' tea-rooms," tried hitherto experimentally at a few stations, is to be extended to most of the big stations. Henceforth lady passengers by the Midland will find reserved tables, if not separate rooms, for their exclusive use at Bath, Bedford, Birmingham, Bradford, Chesterfield, Derby, Gloucester, Leeds, Leicester, Nottingham, Sheffield, and several other places. Not only are there to be

special tables, but really good tea and many little delicacies suitable for consumption therewith are promised.

As the United States have taken over the Hawaiian Islands and a Government is being formulated for them, the subject of their history is being canvassed, and the part played in it by women is very interesting. The Queen who



A FASHIONABLE DRESS OF DARK CLOTH

has been dethroned is a poor specimen of a female ruler, for it is to her arrogance and want of tact that the subjection of her little land and her own exile must be attributed. When she, and her predecessor (her brother's wife) were in England for the Golden Jubilee, the Lord Chamberlain's department had more trouble with them than with all the rest of the crowned heads and heirs-apparent put together. These two dusky dames insisted on having a royal state carriage for their daily drives. In vain was it pointed out to them that even the Princess of Wales drives round town in a plain brougham with simple dark blue and red-faced liveries. With the same resolution that was afterwards to be applied to a vain effort to overturn a constitution, the Hawaiian female "royalties" stuck to their point, so that Lord Lathom was fain to let them have their way, and a gilded coach attended by scarlet-liveried men amazed the doors of the Regent Street shops with goods to astonish the South Seas by-and-by were being purchased. Well, poor Liliuokalani—pride has had a fall! But she was by no means the first of her sex to rule over the island kingdom. The women were recognised as conveying rights of descent, the sons of the daughters of the great chiefs taking their place before the grandchildren through sons. After all, if there is anything in heredity, this is more reasonable than that Salic law under which, for example, at the present moment the Emperor of Austria and the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, both grandfathers of several grandsons, are compelled to know that the succession passes away from their line merely because their blood has been transmitted to those descendants through daughters.

Among the many Hawaiian Queens, some tyrants, some warriors, and many excellent, statesmanlike rulers, the first Christian Queen stands pre-eminent for her true courage in braving the superstitions of her infancy and the religious bigotry of her people. There was a system of "taboo" in force chiefly against women; religion was supposed to forbid the women to eat of a great many of the nicest viands, of which the men had the monopoly, by order, so it was said, of the Goddess of the Volcano, Pele. Pork and bananas were among the things good for food that were "taboo" to all the women of Hawaii under this supposition. The converted Queen Kapiolani, in 1824, took the strong, bold step of going in person to the very verge of the lake of fire on the volcano, and there, in the presence of a crowd, defiantly eating of the forbidden fruit in the very face of Pele. By good fortune the volcano did not happen just then to indulge in an excess of its wrath, and so the Queen proved for ever one of two things, either that there was no all-powerful Pele, or that she really did not mind if women partook of bananas!

PHLOMENA.



A POLONAISE OF THE MOMENT.

is stitched velvet, used so far chiefly as facings to collar and revers. The rows of stitching are run through the velvet very closely set, the colour of the thread used in the machine being exactly the same as that of the velvet itself: the effect is uncommon and excellent. The stitchings, of course, go right through the cloth on which the velvet is applied as a facing. But it is possible to have a neck-band of the same order to wear with any dress that has a plain upright collar, or with any blouse under a coat over which the separate stitched-velvet throatlet can be placed. The neck-bands in question are simply plain pieces of velvet laid over a shaped stiffening that rises from the front to the back, being quite high behind the ears, or perhaps

A Corset of sterling worth in aiding and beautifying the figure.



CORSET SYLPHIDE.

In fine Contille, black or white, with extra busk, **14/9.**
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PART I.—HORSES . . .	PAGES 12-76	PART III.—BIRDS . . .	PAGES 113-130
PART II.—DOGS . . .	PAGES 77-112	PART IV.—CATTLE . . .	PAGES 131-170

PREFACE.

"THE information contained in 'Accidents and Ailments' is offered as likely to be of assistance in the treatment of such Animals as are indicated by the Title Page, in some instances probably ensuring a complete cure, or at all events a reduction of diseases and alleviation of injuries. Such treatment will be more effectual, through the proper mode of application of Elliman's Embrocation being known, and in these pages treatment is rendered clearer than is possible in a paper of directions wrapped round a bottle.

"It will be apparent that Elliman's Embrocation is not recommended as the sole and exclusive treatment necessary in every case. The decision as to what cases require the services of a Veterinary Surgeon must be left to the discretion of the Owner of the Animal.

"The one aim of the Book is to treat of Ailments where Elliman's Embrocation can be usefully employed, and to offer other information which may be of service."

Owners of Animals can have a copy sent post free upon receipt of Sixpence and a legible address, or the label from a wrapper of a 2s., 2s. 6d., or 3s. 6d. bottle of Elliman's Embrocation would secure a copy post free.

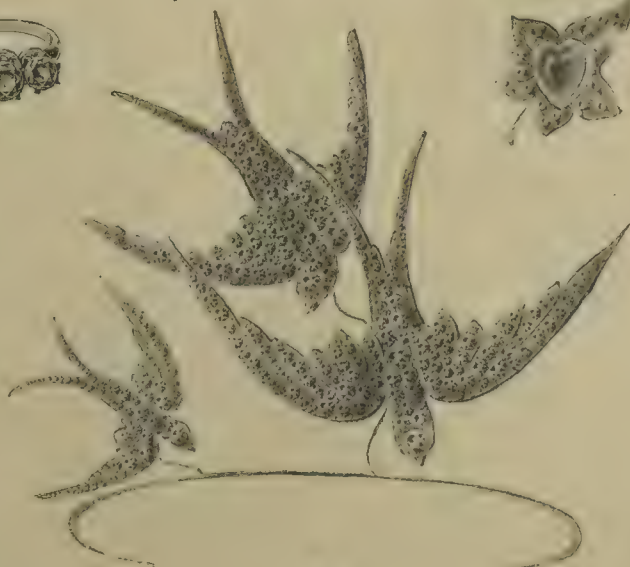
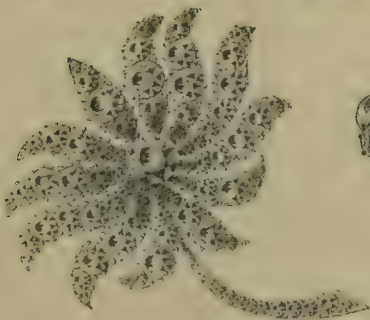
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IMPORTANT NOTICE.

"The rise in De Beers shares was partly due to the good terms which the Company has obtained from the Diamond Syndicate. The price is stated to be 33 per cent. higher than the last."—*Truth*, Feb. 2, 1899.

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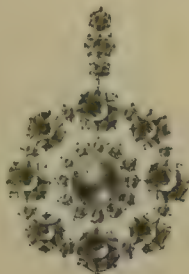
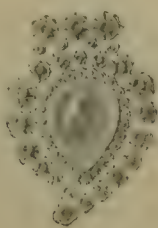
having bought large quantities of Pearls and Diamonds before the commencement of the present rise in prices of Precious Stones, supplies the Public direct, far under the prices usually asked.

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J. W. BENSON calls attention to the remainder of the Superb Stock of Jewels of a West End Manufacturer recently Purchased for Cash which is NOW OFFERED at Further Reductions to ensure a CLEARANCE. These Jewels will be found considerably under the value ruling before the advance, thus making them a very desirable Investment.

An early visit is solicited, as a further rise is prophesied.

Selections on Approval.



TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

JUDITH P. Woodward, C-1. We would like to learn the column interests you so much. Your opinion of No. 2505 is right, and that of No. 2506 is wrong. We hope you will try further, and send in your solutions.

W. GUTHRIE. Your notions are correct, but they are below our standard of difficulty. We shall be pleased to see more of your compositions.

H O BERNARD.—Another examination of your problem reveals a second solution by $\frac{1}{2} K^2$ at K^2 and $\frac{1}{2} Q^2$ at L .

A NATION OF PIR. The genes were certainly acknowledged in our colony, and if they were not used it was probably because some territory crowded them out of our hunted space. The book has safely reached the end of its journey, and you are invited to begin.

W. H. Gessner (Exeter).—Your last three-mover appears to be right, and it shall be published at an early date.

ALFRED BERMAN (Vienna). - We admire your problem, and it is marked for insertion.

W A HARDY (Norwich).—We are much obliged for your communication.

A RETTICH (Streatham).—The problems have been returned to you.

H. BIRKETT (Brighton).—Your problem shall have attention.
 CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2855 received from 8 Subscribers:
 Iyer (Madras) and J. Olway Jaye (Woodstock, Canada); of No. 2856
 from 8 Subscribers: Iyer (Madras); of No. 2859 from Jacob Verrall
 (Boston); of No. 2860 from J. D. Tucker (Tikvah, N. H.); of No. 2861
 from J. S. Sawyer (Sheffield), J. H. Anderson (Crowthorne), C. Wikstrom (Waukegan),
 F. R. Thompson (St. Albans), and J. A. Gallien (Great Yarmouth); Rev. C. R. Sowell (St. Austell),
 Mr. E. J. and H. Birkett (Brighton), and William Clugston (Belfast).

[illegible]

Game played in telegraph match between GOTTENBURG and STOCKHOLM

WHITE		BLACK	
(Mr. Tuckholm).	(Mr. Langborg).	(Mr. Tuckholm).	(Mr. Langborg).
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	18. K to Kt 2nd	B to R 2nd
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	19. Kt to K 3rd	P to Q Kt 4th
3. B to B 4th	B to B 4th	20. P to R 5th	Kt to Q sq
4. P to Q B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	21. Kt to B 5th	K to R 2nd
5. Q to K 4th		22. Q to B 2nd	Kt to Kt 2nd

Probably with a view to P to Q B 4th, which, however, does not come off.

5. P to Kt 3rd	P to Kt 3rd	25. Q to Q 2nd	K R to Kt 1st
6. P to Q 3rd	P to Q 3rd	26. P to Q 5th	Q to K eq
7. K to Kt 3rd	Castles	27. B takes Kt	P takes B
8. B to Kt 6th	Q to K 2nd	28. P to Kt 4th	Q to K 3rd
9. P to R 4th	P to R 4th	29. K to Kt 3rd	Q to K 4th
10. Q to Kt 2nd	K to R 3rd	30. K to Q 4th	Q R to K sq
11. P to K R 3rd	B to R sq	31. K R to K Kt sq	Q to K eq
12. P to Kt 4th	P to K R 3rd	32. Kt (Kt 3) to B 5	Q to K 4th
13. B to R 4th	P takes B	33. Q to K 4th	P to B 2nd
		34. Q R to K Kt sq	R takes Kt

12. Black might probably have ventured upon P to Kt 4th, or the famous K K Pawn which now gives a serious possibility to the famous plan of fianchettoed and very interesting at this point.	P takes P R takes B Kt to Kt 4th Q takes P K to Q 5th (rd) Designs
15. P to Kt Kt 5th b. P takes P 1. Castle (Q R)	Kt to KR 4th P takes P Kt to B 5th

The King must go to Q sq to avoid loss of the Queen. Then follows Q takes P (rd) and Kt to B 5th. A good game, and full of interest.

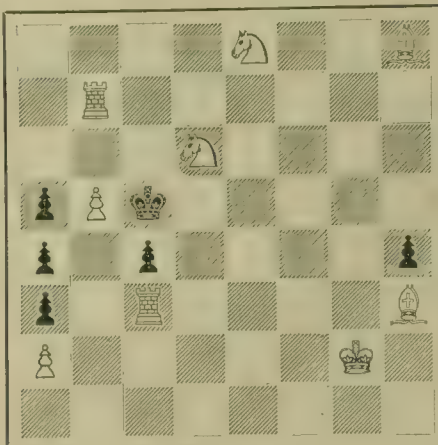
Game played by Mr. PILLBURY without sight of board and man.
(*Philidor's Defence.*)

WHITE 'Mr Pillsbury'	BLACK (Amateur)	WHITE (Mr Pillsbury).	BLACK (Amateur).
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	The one in second file white takes	
2. K to K B 3rd	P to Q 3rd	Kd P. One then K to B 4th	
3. P to Q 4th	P takes P	and P takes K. R to K 4th, white to	
4. K to B 4th		queen. H to move K to Q 3rd. K	
		to Q 4th. B to K 4th, black to K 4th	

A variation from the usual course, which is Kt takes P, after which White's game is

4.	Kt to K B 3rd	Kt takes P	B to Kt 4th
5.	Kt to Q Kt 3rd	Kt to B 3rd	B takes K
6.	B takes K	B takes B	R takes Kt
7.	R to Kt 4th	R to K 2nd	
8.	Castle Q	Castle	
9.	Kt to Q 2nd	Kt to Q 2nd	
10.	R takes K	R takes B	
11.	P to K 5th	P to Kt 4th, ch.	
12.	Kt takes B	Q takes Kt (ch)	
13.	P to B 3rd	P to Kt 3rd	
14.	Kt to Q 4th	R takes Kt	

BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play, and mate in two moves.

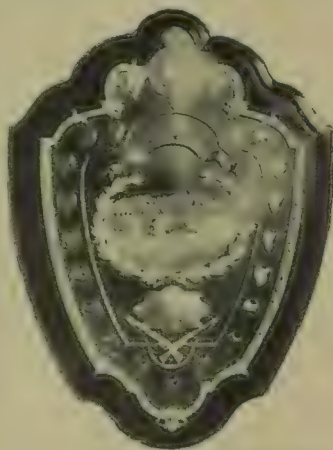
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2860.—By A. BECK

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Q to Q R 7th	Any move
2. Mates,	

Mr. Blackburne visited Norwich, in the course of his provincial tour, on Feb. 14. He engaged thirty-seven opponents in simultaneous play, and in the course of five hours finished with a score of thirty wins and seven draws.

The will (dated Oct. 20, 1897), with a codicil (dated Dec. 9, 1897), of Baron Ferdinand James Anselm de Rothschild, of 143, Piccadilly, and Waddesdon Manor, Aylesbury, Bucks., who died on Feb. 17 last, was proved on Feb. 18 by Baron Solomon Albert de Rothschild, the brother, and Miss Alice Charlotte de Rothschild, the sister, the executors, the value of the estate being £1,488,128. The testator bequeaths £100,000 to the Evelyn Hospital, Southwark Bridge Road, which he founded in memory of his late wife; £5000 to the Jewish Board of Guardians; and £1000 each to St. George's Hospital, Hyde Park Corner, and the Consumption Hospital, Brompton. His sister is to have the choice of any pictures and works of art on his yacht *Reine*, and subject thereto the yacht is to be sold, and out of the proceeds thereof £2000 is to be paid to the National Life-boat Institution, and the balance distributed among the Shipwrecked Mariners' Society, 26, Suffolk Street, the Royal Alfred Belderedo Institution for Aged Merchant Seamen, 58, Ten-church Street, the Homes for Friendless and Aged Seamen, Egremont, near Liverpool, the Dreadnought Hospital for Sick Seamen of All Nations, Greenwich, the Merchant Seamen's Orphan Asylum, the Sailors' Orphan City's Home, Hamstead, the Southampton Seamen's Orphanage for Boys, the Merchant Seamen's Orphan Asylum, Snaresbrook, and the Sailors' Home, Southampton. He further bequeaths £150,000 to his

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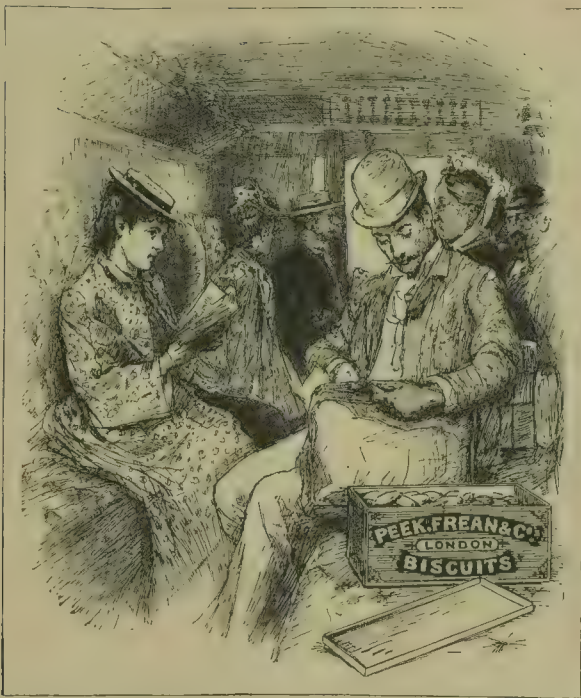
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residue of his personal estate he leaves to his son, John Leigh, and his real estate, upon trust, for his said son for life, and then to his, the testator's, next of kin at law.

The will (dated April 18, 1889) of Mr. Howard Elkington, of Leeswood, near Mold, Flint, who died on Dec. 29, was proved on Feb. 21 by Frederick Elkington, James Ballyn Elkington, and Hyla Elkington, the brothers and executors, the value of the estate being £88,874. The testator gives an annuity of £100 to his mother-in-law, Mrs. Elizabeth Armstrong, until she shall die or again marry, and then to her daughter, Jessie Catherine Armstrong, while a spinster; and to his wife, Mrs. Annie Elizabeth Elkington, £1000, and during her widowhood an annuity of £800, and the use of his household furniture and effects. Subject thereto he leaves all his property, upon trust, for his children.

The will (dated Dec. 9, 1891) of Mr. James Clayfield Clayfield-Ireland, D.L., J.P., of Brislington Hall, near Bristol, who died on Dec. 6, was proved on Feb. 6 at the Bristol District Registry by Alfred Clayfield-Ireland and Dennis Clayfield-Ireland, the brothers and executors, the value of the estate being £70,842. The testator bequeaths £2500 to his sister Emma Alice Clayfield-Ireland; an annuity of £200 to his sister Fanny Constance Clayfield-Ireland; annuities of £150 each to his sisters, Mary Louisa, Eleanor, and Annette Clayfield-Ireland; annuities of £50 each to his sisters-in-law, Mary Anne Clayfield-Ireland and Cecilia Emma Jones; the portrait of his great-grandmother, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, to his sister Annette; the portrait of his

mother, by Frank Holl, and £5000 to his brother Dennis; his silver plate to his sister Eleanor; and the proceeds of the sale of his furniture, pictures, household effects, horses, carriages, cattle, sheep, and swine to his brother Alfred and his sisters, Mary Constance and Emma Alice. He devises and gives the alternate right of presentation to the advowson of the vicarage of Hatherleigh, Devon, to his sister Mary Louisa; his freehold chambers in the Albany to his brother Dennis; his hereditaments and premises at Brislington, Bedminster, and Whitechurch to his brother Alfred, and other real estate to his brother Arthur. The residue of his personal estate he leaves to his brother Alfred.

The will (dated Jan. 4, 1898) of Mr. Frederic Warren, J.P., of The Priory, St. Ives, Huntingdon, who died on Dec. 10, was proved on Feb. 15 by Frederic Maurice Warren, the son, William Eden Tilley, and George Alfred Warren, the brother, the executors, the value of the estate being £49,725. The testator gives £100 each to his brothers John Henry Warren and Albert Warren; £200 each to his sisters, Harriet Mary Stanley and Louisa Fanny Warren; £6000 each, upon trust, for his three daughters; £50 each to his executors W. E. Tilley and G. A. Warren, and the use of his furniture and domestic effects and the income of £2000 to his wife, Mrs. Anna Katherine Warren. On her decease he gives £2000 between his three daughters. The residue he leaves in equal shares to his three sons.

The will (dated Nov. 17, 1893), with four codicils (dated July 30, 1897, and April 4, Aug. 19, and Nov. 26, 1898), of Surgeon-General Sir James Mouat, K.C.B., V.C., of Elm

Lodge, Palace Gardens Terrace, Kensington, who died on Jan. 4, has been proved by Dame Adela Rose Ellen Mouat, the widow, and Mr. Alfred Stunt, the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £26,717. Subject to a few small legacies he leaves all his property, upon trust, for his wife during her life. At her decease he gives £100 to the Army Medical Officers' Benevolent Society; £1000 each to Francis and Constantine Winch; £500 and fifty shares in the New Zealand Shipping Company to Frederick William Kelly; and £400, upon trust, for Lilla Kelly. The residue of his property he leaves as to four ninths to Frances Kelly and Edith Barrett; two ninths each, upon trust, for Robert Toler Curtis and Marie Sophia Winch; and one ninth, upon trust, for Frederick William Kelly.

The will of Colonel Walter Carr Mackinnon, of 12, Tiverton Street, Gordon Square, late secretary to the National Rifle Association, who died on Feb. 1, was proved on Feb. 18 by Walter Mackinnon, the son, and Arthur Willson Crosse, the executors, the value of the estate being £5150.

The will of Maria Georgina Elizabeth, Baroness Athlumney, of Fernet, Frant, Sussex, who died on Jan. 6, was proved on Feb. 16 by the Hon. Mary Anne Blanche Somerville and the Hon. Cecilia Somerville, the daughters and executrices, the value of the estate being £1664.

The will of Mrs. Sarah Bradbury, of 2, Endlesham Road, Nightingale Lane, Clapham, who died on Dec. 25, was proved on Feb. 3 by Charles Swain Agnew and William Laurence Bradbury, the executors, the value of the estate being £5091.

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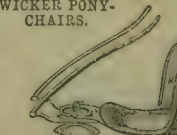
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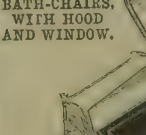
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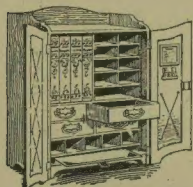
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public, although he was apt to wear slippers and an old coat at home for economy's sake: for both Thiers and Grévy suffered from that particular malady, tight-fistedness in financial affairs, which is a marked trait of the French bourgeoisie. M. Carnot was always well dressed. He belonged to a different *milieu*, to "the Republican nobility," as Madame Floquet on one occasion graphically expressed it. And let there be no mistake about it, the Republican nobility belonged originally to a very good stock—i.e., to the French bourgeoisie whose history I should like to write one day.

One chapter would be particularly interesting in connection with my present subject—namely, the chapter relating to clothes. The French bourgeois of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries spent considerably more money on his personal attire than did either his wife or his

daughters. Casimir-Périer belonged to that same class "which," as Talleyrand so graphically put it when referring to himself, "had had fathers and grandfathers and great-grandfathers on both sides, all of whom knew how to spell, and were used to walking on carpets." Grévy belonged more or less to that same class; M. Loubet does not, and he did not leave his province sufficiently early in life to test the value of appearances. M. Faure gained that experience very early in life, and was, moreover, decorative by instinct. The most curious feature in connection with all this is the seeming impossibility of satisfying all the would-be Teufelsdröckhs. MM. Casimir-Périer and Faure were, according to them, too well dressed, M. Loubet is not sufficiently well dressed. They remind one of the actress who would have nothing to say to Henri Murger because he was so untidy and thread-bare. Murger had a new rig-out. "I like

him less than ever now," said the fair one. "He just looks as if he had come out of a band-box in which he had been badly packed."

The second annual meeting of the Prince of Wales's Hospital Fund for London was held at Marlborough House on Feb. 23, his Royal Highness in the chair. The Presidents of the Royal Colleges of Physicians and of Surgeons, and of the Royal Society, the Governor of the Bank of England, the Chairmen of the London County Council and of the London School Board, the treasurer, Lord Rothschild, and other noblemen and gentlemen connected with London were present. The report stated that £32,500 had been distributed, £23,200 being annual grants, during the past year; the total of receipts was £39,270, much less in 1898 than in the preceding year.



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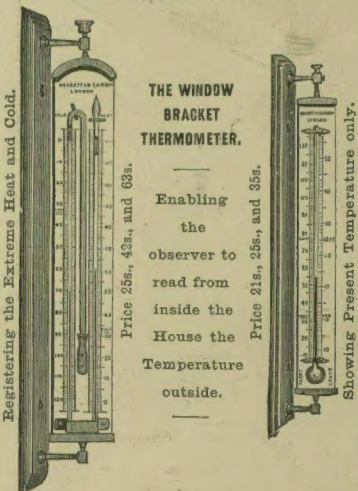
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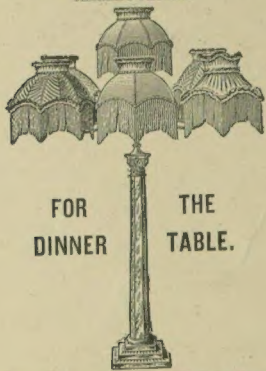
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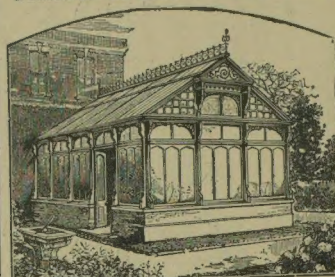
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The bottles of "LAROLA" are CONSIDERABLY LARGER than those of the "Glycerine and Cucumber," the L-size being nearly as large as the L9 of the old preparation. M. Beetham & Son therefore trust that the Public will in future ask for "LAROLA" instead of "Glycerine and Cucumber," as they will then get the benefit of the LARGER QUANTITY, and will also be protected against having inferior articles substituted for "BEETHAM'S."

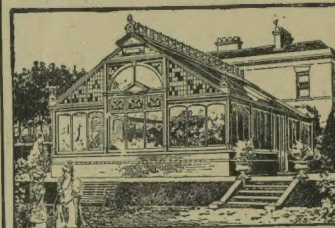
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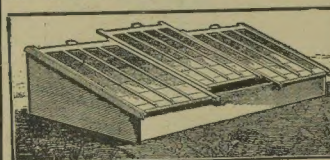
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forwarded to Mr.
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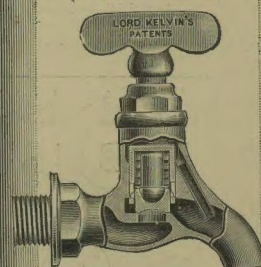


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